

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,073



JUNE 21, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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THE CRAPFIC, JUNE 21, 1890



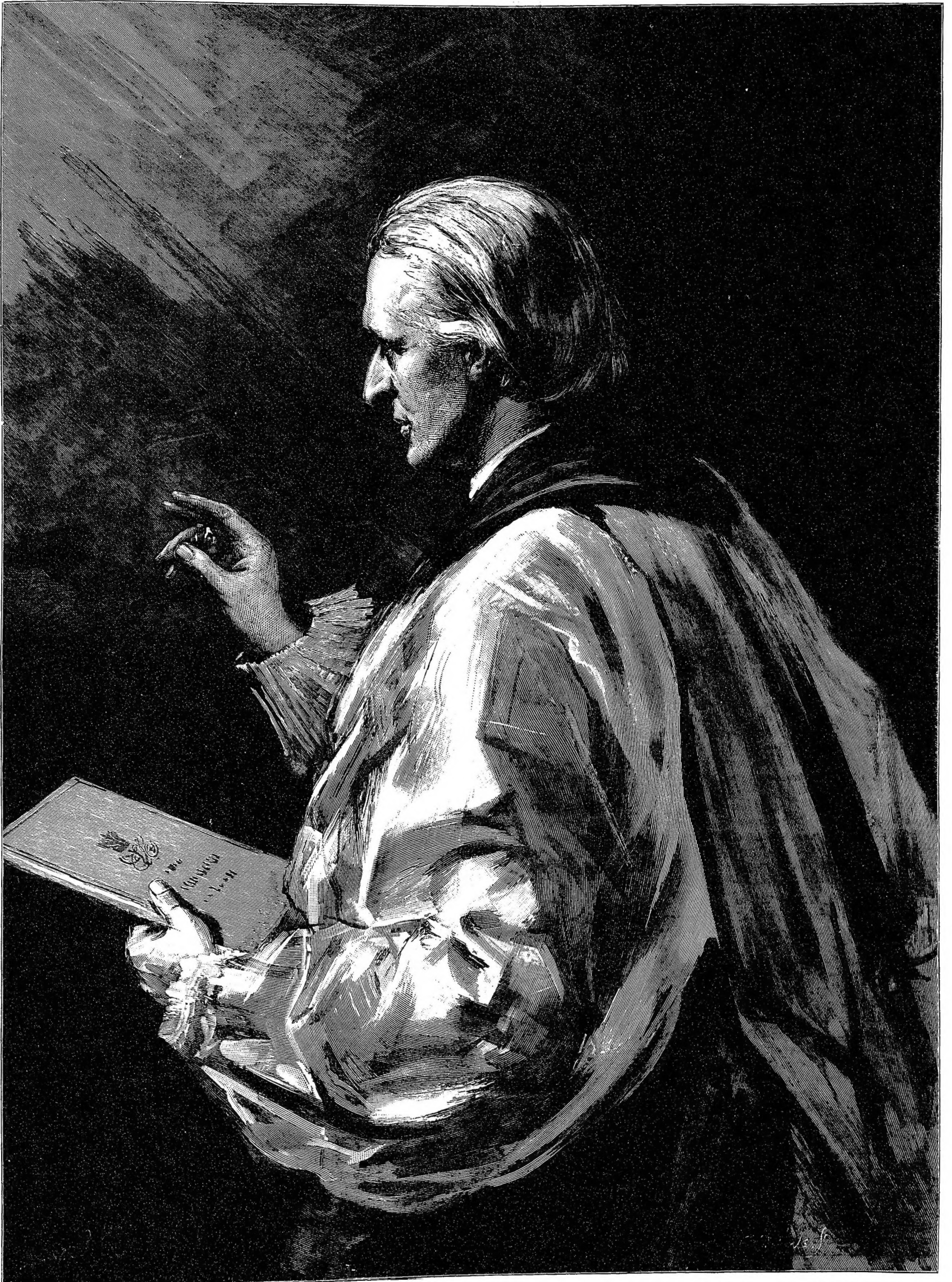
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,073.—VOL. XLI.  
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890

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CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY, No. XXXI.—THE MOST REV. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL



## Topics of the Week

**THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.**—England and Germany are at last about to arrive at a friendly understanding regarding their respective possessions in East Africa. Lord Salisbury has been blamed for making too many concessions to the German Government, but the course he has pursued will certainly have the approval of the majority of the English people. If the rights of the two countries had been left undetermined, very serious difficulties would soon have arisen; and few Englishmen would like the idea of complications between London and Berlin. After all, Lord Salisbury has given up nothing that is of vital importance to us. The only essential condition of a settlement, from our point of view, was that we should have the right of free communication through the "Hinter Land," between the various parts of our territory; and this has been secured. Heligoland has never been of any real service to England, and we receive much more than its value in the recognition of our supremacy in Zanzibar and in the withdrawal of German claims in Wituland. There is ample room in East Africa both for England and for Germany; and if the two Powers can work together harmoniously, each will profit by the success of the other. It must be remembered, too, that the general objects of German policy in other parts of the world coincide with our own, and that it is well worth our while to make some sacrifices to tighten the bonds that unite us with our Teutonic kinsfolk. We are far from having heard the last of French opposition to our action in Egypt, and the support of Germany in that quarter may be of far greater value to us than anything we are now yielding. Of all European Powers, Germany is the one of which we may say with most confidence that she is naturally our friend and ally; and Lord Salisbury deserves the gratitude of the nation for having kept this fact steadily in view during recent negotiations.

**ASIATIC CHOLERA (?)**—The Madrileños are of such a highly nervous temperament that one can easily understand their readiness in assuming that the disease which is ravaging some parts of Valencia must be Asiatic cholera. Nor is it at all a bad thing for Europe at large that this somewhat absurd scare is frightening the usually sedate Don out of his wits. Although the dreaded Eastern scourge cannot well have got to Spain, inasmuch as it does not drop down from the skies, but marches steadily along a well-known track, it seems pretty safe to assume that the Valencia visitation is ordinary sporadic cholera with aggravated symptoms. So far as that goes, therefore, Christendom need not take alarm. But there is real danger threatening her from Western Turkestan, where Asiatic cholera of undoubted genuineness is committing terrible ravages. True, Turkestan is a long way off, and before Russia conquered the Turkoman tribes the disease used to take a year or two to travel to Mid-Europe. But a railway now runs through the country from end to end, bringing it into direct touch with the Caspian, and so with Russia. We may reasonably anticipate, therefore, that before long we shall hear of cholera outbreaks at some of the trading stations on the Caspian, and once there, it will probably stretch out towards the Black Sea as well as march on Moscow. With this peril threatening them, it is just as well that the false alarm in Valencia gives all European nations solemn warning to set their houses in order. Great Britain escaped very lightly, in comparison with her Continental neighbours, from the Russian influenza, owing to her superior sanitation. But if London continues to permit the conversion of the River Lea into an open sewer, King Cholera will not let us off so easily as the milder scourge did.

**ROYAL ASCOT.**—By prescriptive right, Ascot has now become Royal, and it would seem absurd to apply the title to any other racecourse in the kingdom, but for all that there are older claimants to be called Royal among the heaths and downs where racing men most do congregate. Newmarket is the sportsman's meeting, and Epsom is everybody's racecourse, and yet both of them have a prior right to be considered the Royal home of the sport of kings. The Merry Monarch performed many a pilgrimage to Newmarket in days before a comfortable special rattled sportsmen over the miles which separate Whitehall from the Heath, nor did he disdain to match his horses on the Surrey Downs. But in the next century horse-racing was in no great favour with the powers that were. The nobles and country squires raced as they had always done, but towards the end of the century the sport had greatly declined. It is to George IV. that Ascot owes its title of Royal, for he always came over from Windsor to the course, instituted the Royal State procession, and often ran his horses in the races. Though the Prince of Wales goes to many meetings, and occasionally runs a horse, he drives up to no other Grand Stand in semi-state, but bows to racing custom and tradition by reserving the outward signs of royalty for the heath that lies near the Royal borough. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort used to go to Ascot, and even the stern Czar Nicholas did not disdain to follow the fashionable world, but even presented a Gold Cup some ten years before he fell out with us in the

Crimea. So in spite of modern racecourses and enormous stakes, Ascot is "Royal" as Goodwood is "Glorious," and will hold its own against its younger rivals, as it has done against its older and more business-like competitors at Epsom and Newmarket.

**MR. MATTHEWS.**—The Government has little reason to thank Mr. Matthews for the hubbub he has created about the police. It is unnecessary now to go into the details of the dispute between him and Mr. Monro. The broad facts are all that the public really cares about, and they, unfortunately, do not tend to give us an exalted opinion of Mr. Matthews' good sense. Some weeks ago it was sufficiently well known that the Government was getting into rather deep waters; and it might have been thought that the Home Secretary would be careful to do nothing that might unnecessarily add to its difficulties. We are living, too, in an age when there is much popular excitement, and when it is evidently desirable that there should be no mistake in the minds of the masses of the community as to the strength of the Executive. A serious blunder at headquarters might lead to consequences which the wisest of statesmen could not easily undo. Yet, at such a time as this, with incredible levity, Mr. Matthews allowed himself to quarrel with the Chief Commissioner, and acted so indiscreetly that Mr. Monro's resignation became inevitable. Had the Home Secretary been fighting for a great principle, no one could have blamed him for maintaining his own view with energy, but he was dealing with matters about which his knowledge was from the nature of the case less extensive, minute, and practical than that of his subordinate. At all hazards he ought to have found some honourable way out of the difficulty, so that the confidence of the public might not be even for a moment disturbed. This is by no means Mr. Matthews' first offence, and we do not know that his general services as a Minister are sufficiently important to make up either to the Government or to the country for his blunders.

**IRISH EMIGRATION.**—It has often been remarked that the Irish peasant quickly gets rid of his improvidence, lack of energy, and lawlessness, when once he is settled in any country remote from his native land. The evidence just given by Mr. Tuke before a Parliamentary Committee fully bears out this supposition. Some years ago, 8,000*l.* was raised by some British philanthropists to help the surplus population of congested districts in Ireland to emigrate. So well was the fund managed that 1,500 were sent out, and Mr. Tuke is able to report that nearly all have done well. Beginning as wage earners, they gradually developed into landed proprietors, and the large majority are now comfortably off, instead of living from hand to mouth in chronic wretchedness, as must have been the case had they remained in Ireland. Such complete success having crowned the experiment, Mr. Tuke suggests that it should be followed up by the State on a larger scale, through the agency of an Emigration Department. The idea is not new, of course, but until this remarkable evidence was given, there seemed some question whether Irish peasants emigrated free of expense to themselves would ever acquire habits of self-dependence and self-helpfulness. That doubt is now removed, and we agree with Mr. Tuke that the State might advantageously set aside a round sum every year to relieve the more congested areas. Say that 5,000 were sent abroad annually, the cost would be a mere fleabite, compared with the money lavished upon Ireland in other ways, to diminish agrarian suffering. There is plenty of room left in America and our colonies for agricultural labourers; Western Australia by itself could absorb far more than 5,000 of such emigrants annually; for many years to come.

**PHOTOGRAPHING THE SUN.**—The beautiful weather of Sunday and Monday gave reason to hope that the Astronomers Royal, and of the back-garden, would have a cloudless day for their observations on Tuesday last; but, in the South of England, at least, these anticipations were disappointed. Since Talbot and Daguerre first demonstrated the possibility of fixing an image on a silvered plate, his Majesty the Sun has been made to do journeyman's work in perpetuating the outward semblance of thousands of uninteresting persons. Every man and woman has been photographed, and most men and all women have complained that the sun has vilely caricatured them, and given them defects they never had. But these injured ones have their revenge on occasions, for there are times when the sun is put to the indignity of printing his own august image on the photographic plate, and last Tuesday was one of them. No less than fifty plates were in readiness at Greenwich to take the sun's portrait, but he doubtless recognised the apparatus, and shyly drew a veil of cloud over his face during the contact with the moon, except for a few minutes, when he peeped from behind the dense masses of cloud at the eager crowd of astronomers and photographers on the earth below. It was an occasion of considerable importance, for an eclipse of equal magnitude will not occur for another ten years, and it is a matter for congratulation that for nearly twenty-five minutes the sun's disc was clear enough to allow of observations being taken at the Greenwich Observatory. There is something very fascinating in solar and lunar photography, for with the aid of the lens secrets are discovered that man's

eye, even when aided by the most powerful telescopes, could never have penetrated. It is satisfactory to learn that sixteen photographs were secured on Tuesday, which will be of great value in measuring the progress of the eclipse.

**THE GOVERNMENT'S TROUBLES.**—That the Government has got itself into a thorough "mess" was practically admitted by Mr. W. H. Smith in his statement on Tuesday as to Parliamentary business and the proposed Standing Order. No doubt the Opposition is to a large extent responsible for the present confusion. It has carried on without scruple the policy of Obstruction, having apparently aimed at nothing but the waste of as much public time as possible. The Government itself, however, is not free from blame. We may find the head and front of its offending in the fact that it has tried to do far too much. All recent Governments have had a craze for adding to the Statute Book as many measures as they could hope to induce Parliament to pass, and the present Government has been no exception to this general rule. The question of tithes it was absolutely necessary to deal with during the present Session, and it was certainly desirable that something should be done to prepare the way for the settlement of the agricultural difficulty in Ireland. But what urgent reason was there for touching the thorny problems connected with the closing of public-houses? The scheme of the Government is moderate and reasonable; and most people who are not vehement partisans are of opinion that if it became law it could do no harm, and would probably do some good. But the Government might have foreseen, and ought to have foreseen, that it would be met with violent opposition. Was it worth while to arouse so much antagonism when the issue was not really one of first-rate importance? It would have been easy simply to leave the matter alone, and to devote attention only to questions which manifestly needed to be in some way disposed of. The lesson ought to be of some advantage both to this Government and to its successors. What the country wants is not that an enormous number of Bills should be introduced, but that those which are submitted to Parliament should be sound and well-considered.

**INFANT LIFE INSURANCE.**—The Bishop of Peterborough has devoted his splendid gift of eloquence to many a good cause, but to none better than his present endeavour to diminish the evils resulting from infant life assurance. Judges, doctors, coroners, and numbers of other authorities are at one in denouncing this comparatively modern practice as an incentive to infanticide. The vast majority of parents who insure their children are, of course, free from the dreadful imputation. All they seek is to make timely provision against funeral expenses, in the event of a child dying. But it is beyond all question that some wretched parents regard their offspring as troublesome encumbrances, of whom it would be a good thing to be rid. And when this unnatural feeling exists, who can doubt that the prospect of receiving a lump sum at a child's death conduces to neglect, bad feeding, and "accidents," such as over-laying? For a payment of a penny a week, or 2*s.* 2*d.* for the first six months, a parent can secure an insurance of 2*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* About one-third of that sum will suffice to cover the funeral expenses of an infant, leaving a handsome balance for the liquidation of debt or for dissipation. The Bishop's Bill proposes to remedy this evil by enacting that the insurance-money shall not be paid to the parent, but to the undertaker, thus depriving the former of any interest in the child's death. We greatly fear that no penalties, however drastic, would deter undertakers from arranging secretly with the parents to share the spoil. A far better method would be, we think, to forbid the insurance of infants, whether in one office or in several, for a larger sum than would cover the average funeral expenses. The present limits—6*l.* in the case of children under five years old, and 10*l.* for those between five and ten years—are far too high; nor is it easy to understand why there should be such a vast difference between the two classes.

**ON THE THAMES.**—The revolt of man against the speculative builder has now been transferred from the green lanes round London to no less a place than the banks of Father Thames himself. For the last fifteen years the rush of Londoners to reaches where the Thames is more or less silver has increased as each summer came round, and, thanks to the house-boat, the bungalow, and the villa residence, the river that poets have loved and sung bids fair to emulate the Fleet Ditch as our ancestors knew it. Fifteen years ago there were several reaches on the Thames where you could actually row for many yards without running into a house-boat or sighting a bungalow, but now the march of intellect, and the builder's trowel, and kindred improvements are rapidly making such a state of things a dream of the past. Once house-boats were a rarity; the humble tub did well enough for the oarsman on the Upper Thames, who was content to enjoy the beauties of the river without a care of banjos, Japanese lanterns, kitchen tenders, and such like abominations. Father Thames is passing away from us; his green banks and bonnet of sedge are being taken from him, and he will soon be as beautiful as a canal and as soul-inspiring as a tank. It was the pampered house-boat that started the demoralisation of our noble river, and now his offspring, the bungalow, is bringing his punishment upon him. Already

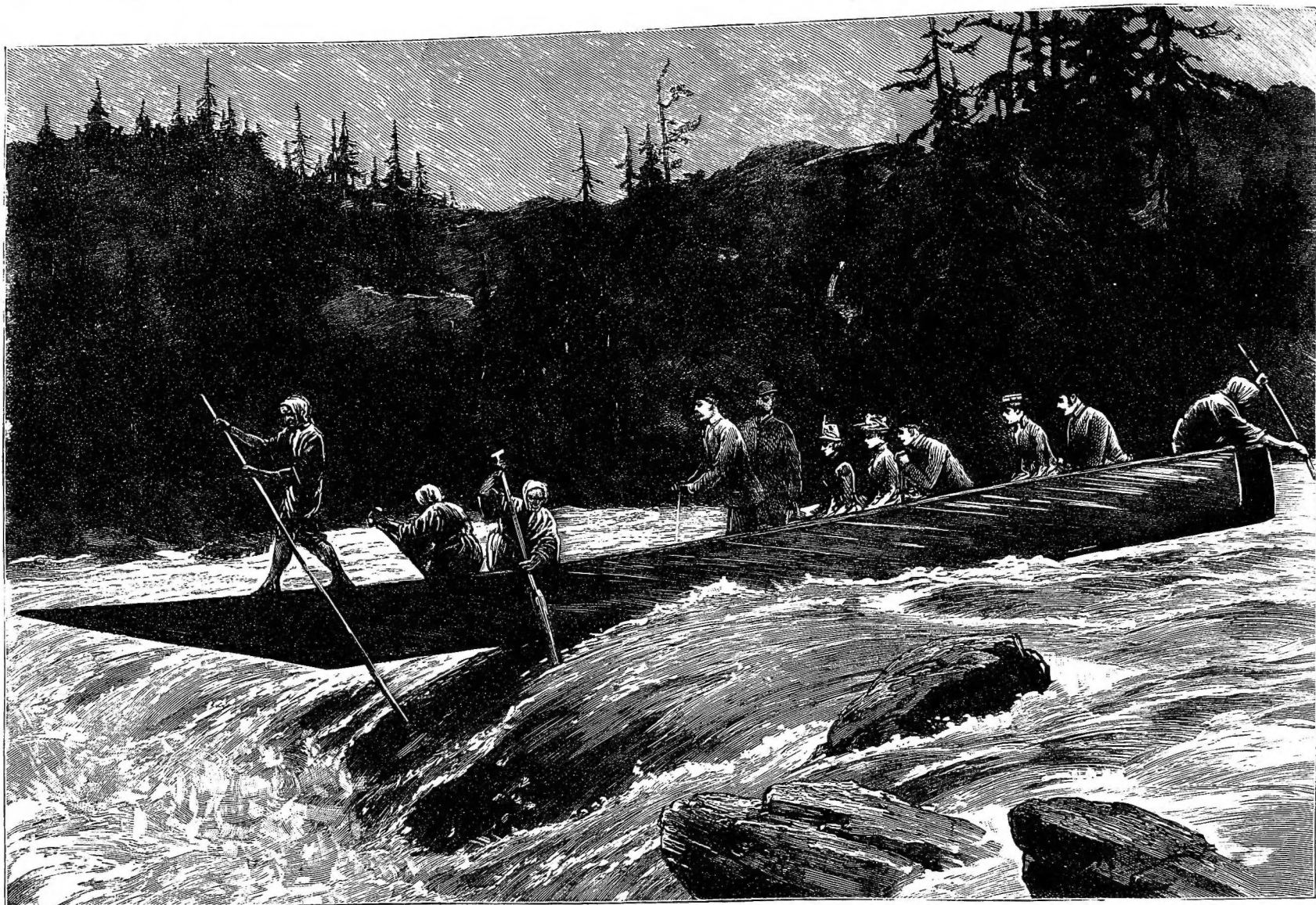


THE WATERLOO BALL.—Shortly after the Battle of Waterloo it was conclusively proved that no such person as Napoleon ever existed, and that he was nothing but what we now call a Solar Myth. If the conquests of Napoleon are nothing but a mythological expression for some great volcanic explosion that shook the whole Continent, and his soldiers only volumes of destroying lava, then there can be no doubt in any reasonable man's mind that the famous ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond never was held at all, or that at best it represents the gathering of the elements that were finally to overcome the forces of the great explosion. But if we allow that the Iron Duke and the great Napoleon did exist, there is still a great deal of argument on matters

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WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN JAPAN—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AND THEIR SUITE SHOOTING THE KATSURA RAPIDS

COPPERO (Mr. Robert Martin)



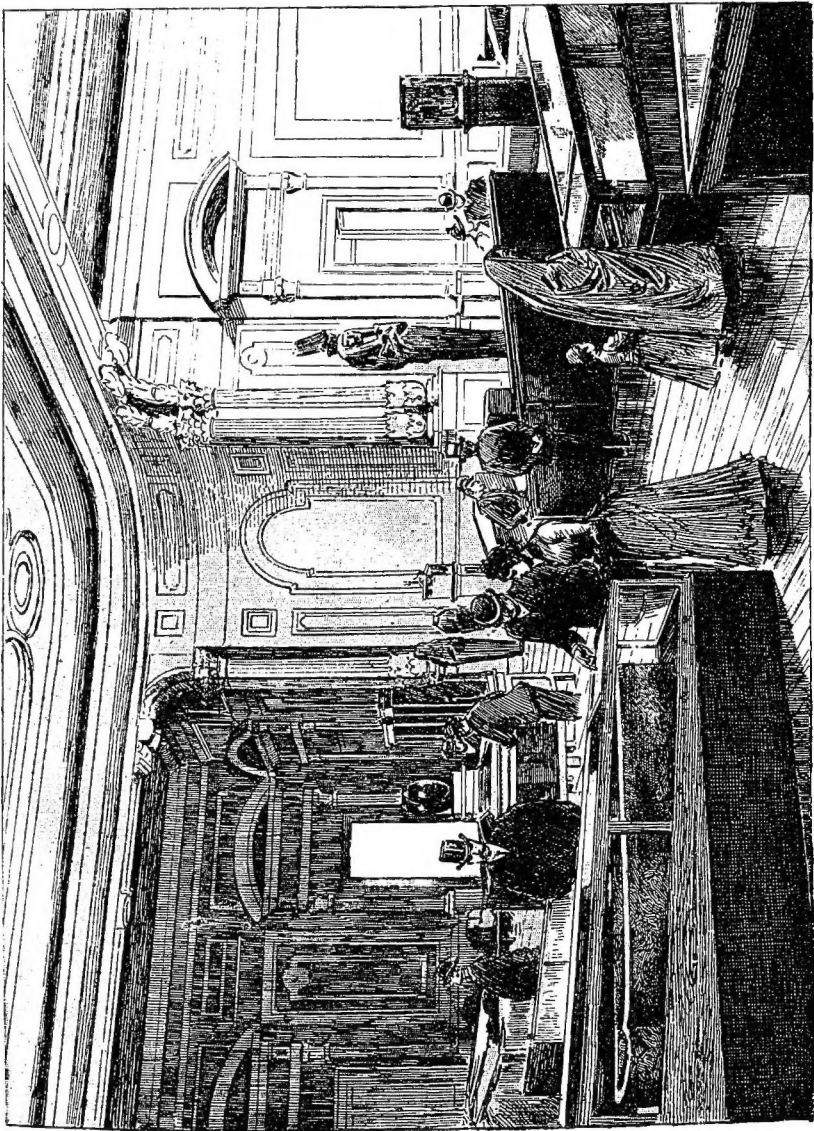
LUMBERO (Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox)

BILBOSS (Mr. D. Bispham)

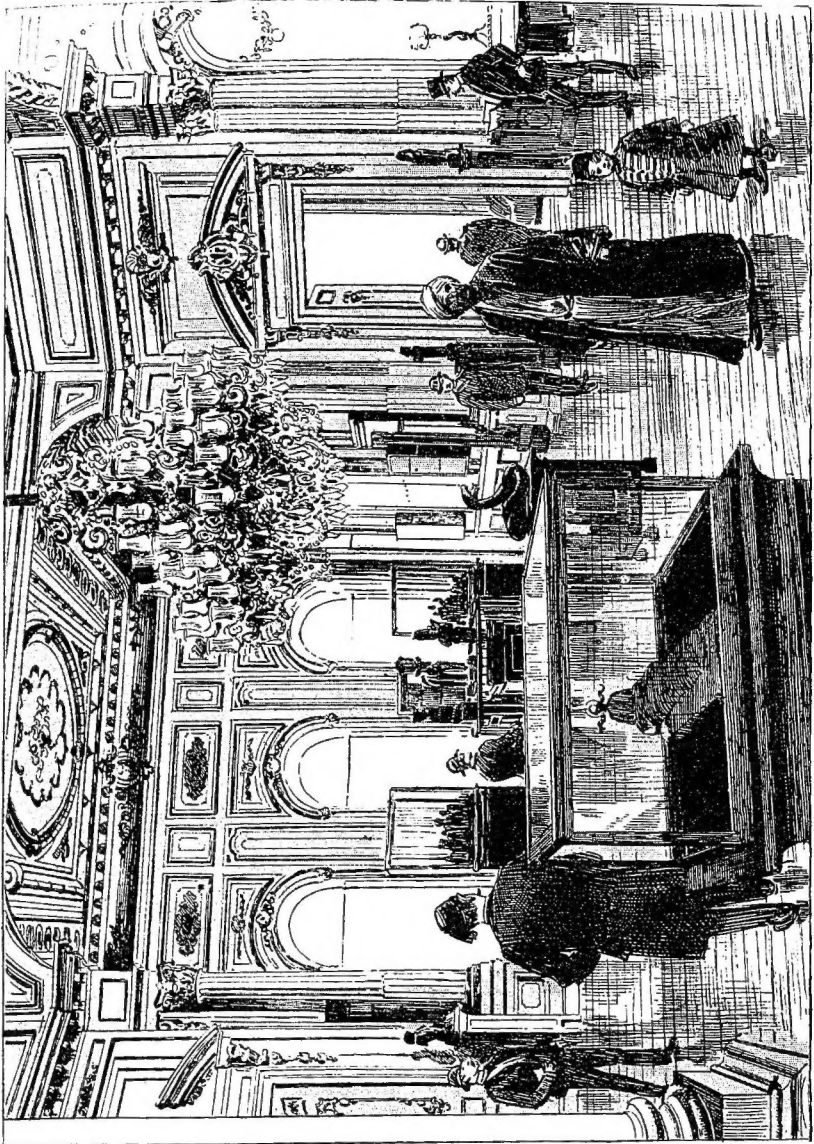
URIAH ELIAH SKINNER (Mr. Charles H. Lamb)

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT THE OPERA COMIQUE—SCENE FROM "JOAN," THE COMIC OPERA PLAYED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MOTHERS' EAST END HOME

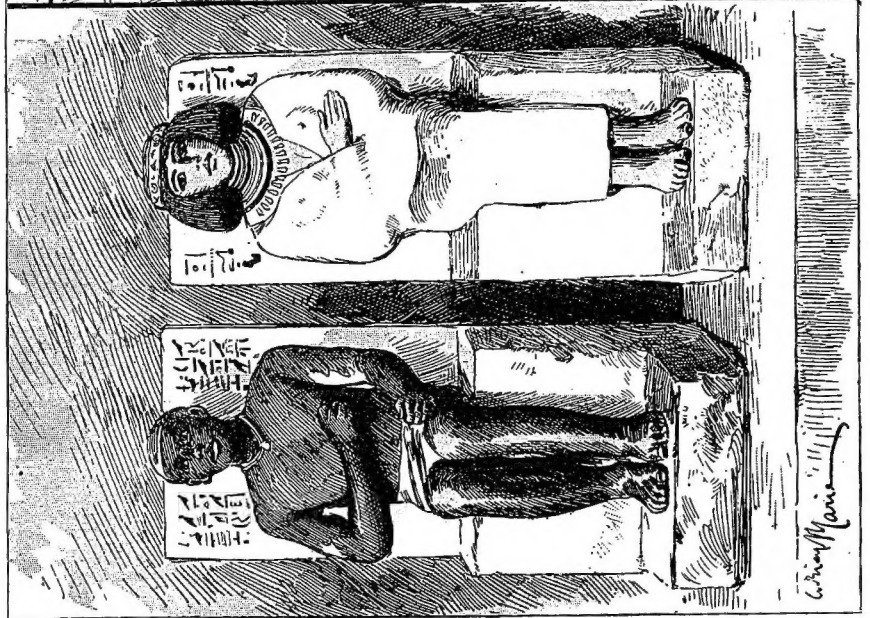




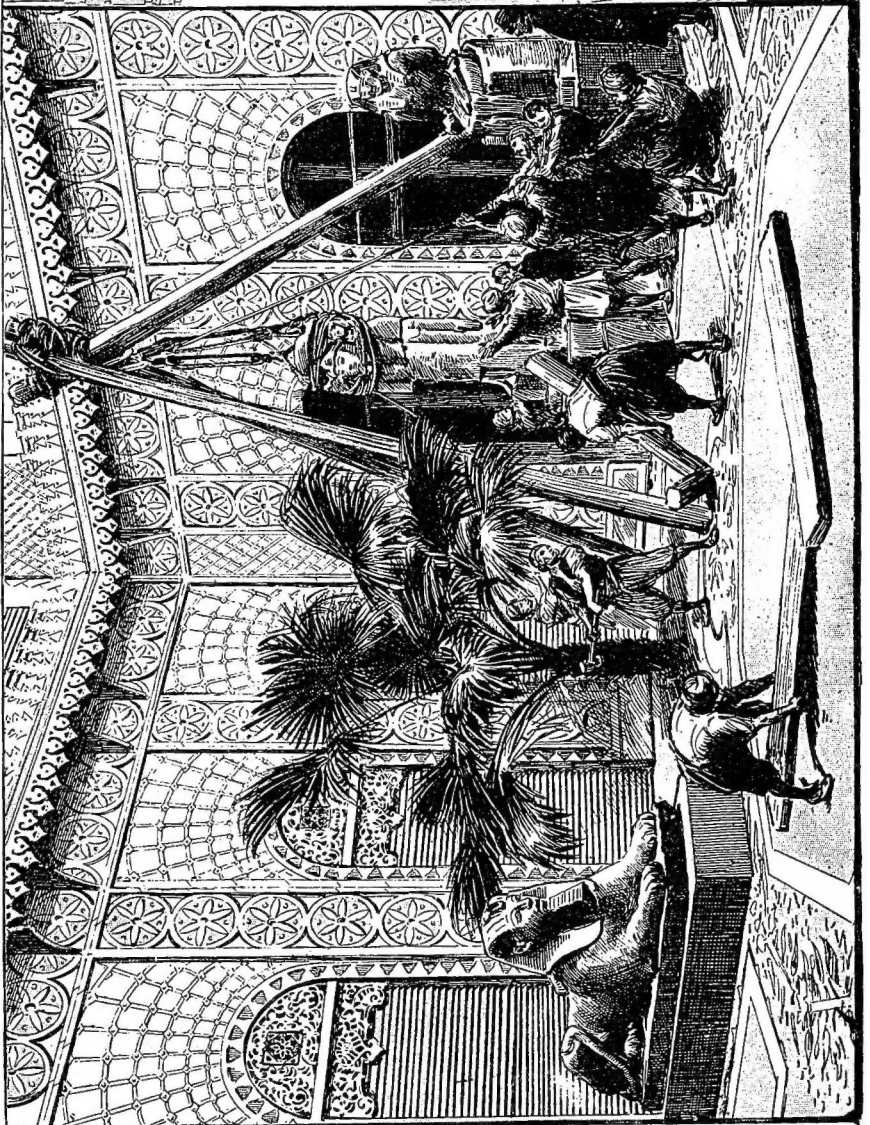
HALL OF ROYAL MUMMIES  
Case containing the Mummy of Rameses the Great in the foreground



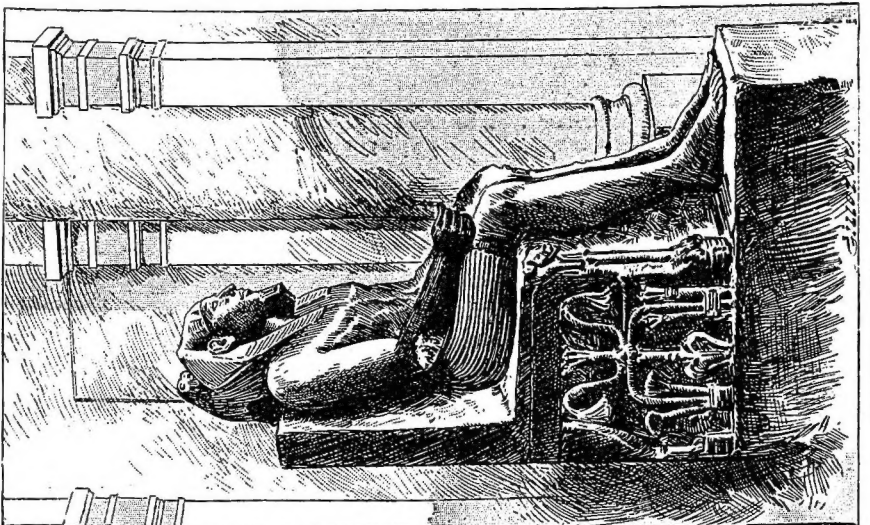
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STATUE OF PRINCE RAHOBAH AND PRINCESS NEFERT  
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Placing Statues in Position



GRANITE STATUE OF CHEPHREN  
The Builder of the Second Pyramid at Ghizeh

THE GHIZEH PALACE MUSEUM, CAIRO. WHERE THE ART TREASURES OF EGYPT ARE PRESERVED





### THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

THE features of the Archbishop of Canterbury are well known to most Englishmen south of the Trent. His schooldays were passed at Birmingham, and at Cambridge he was Senior Chancellor's Medallist, and a First Class classic, thereupon becoming what a former Vice-Chancellor is said by a waggish historian to have considered the highest of earthly dignities, a Fellow of Trinity. But the future Archbishop even in that proud moment did not consider his career as finished; for beginning as one of the Masters at Rugby, he accepted the Head-Mastership of Wellington in 1858, and, after holding many ecclesiastical appointments, was consecrated first Bishop of Truro in 1877. The work that he did in the new Diocese is written in the hearts of all Cornish Churchmen, and it was with deep and sincere regret, though at the same time with pardonable pride, that the inhabitants of the Duchy saw their Bishop raised to the Primacy of All England in 1883. Last Sunday the Archbishop preached from the pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to a congregation that hung intently on every word that fell from those mobile lips, and lighted up that clear-cut scholarly face. As becomes a Head Master and an Archbishop, Dr. Benson has a remarkable presence, and a face and figure not easily forgotten by those who have met him. It has been objected by some that he is too yielding in his disposition, that he does not speak with an authority that overbears all opposition, and that his mouth lacks the close sternness which distinguishes Cardinal Manning.

But nowadays a Bishop, more especially in the Anglican Church, must lead his flock, and not drive it. The days are past when an Archbishop could hand inconvenient persons over to the Inquisition, and save their souls at the expense of their bodies. Nowadays a rather opposite process is used, and persuasion and argument are the only weapons allowed. That Dr. Benson is a man of infinite tact and discretion, and that he possesses a gentle but powerful influence over his fellow Churchmen, is shown by his conduct of the many difficult and trying questions it has fallen to his lot to deal with since he was elevated to the See of Canterbury. The Church of England is passing through troublous times, and it is perhaps well that it should have at its head a scholar and a gentleman who aims rather at leading his flock by gentle suasion and high example, than at enforcing a blind obedience by means of the voice of authority.

### THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN JAPAN

THE heavy rains which, as we said last week, to a great extent interfered with the pleasure of their Royal Highnesses' stay in Japan, nevertheless enabled them to enjoy one unique experience. This was the running of the famous Katsura Rapids, not far from Kyoto. Miss Bird, in her well-known book, describes a somewhat similar experience when she ran the rapids of the Tsugawa, which for twelve miles rushes between lofty cliffs, and over sunken rocks, taxing all the skill of the boatmen. On the occasion which we illustrate, the strength of the stream was so great that the distance between Tamba and Arachiyama was done in fifty-two minutes—beating all previous records.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. A. H. Savage Landor.

### "JOAN" AT THE OPERA COMIQUE

THERE can be no question but that amateur actors are becoming serious rivals to members of "the profession." Their performances are got up with so much care and energy that it is no longer a penance to sit out an amateur performance as in days gone by. Witness the popularity of the Guards' burlesque, which, on the principle that "twice is a habit," bids fair to become a "hardy annual;" and the excellent performance of the *Sorcerer*, given by some West-End amateurs this time last year, to say nothing of the more ambitious efforts of the Irving Dramatic Club. Nearly all these performances, moreover, are got up on behalf of deserving institutions, and as "charity covereth a multitude of sins," severe criticism is out of place. Far be it from us to say, however, that *Joan*; or the *Brigands of Bluegoria*, produced at the Opera Comique last week for the benefit of the Mothers' East-End Homes, deserves severe criticism. Mr. Robert Martin's story was, perhaps a little involved, but his acting was excellent, as was that of Mr. Bispham and many of the others. Mr. Ernest Ford's music also was bright, the costumes (most important these) were becoming, and the grouping was picturesque. Best of all, though, was the dancing. The graceful dance by Lady Augusta Fane and Mr. Charles Colnaghi, and the wonderful *pas de deux* by the Misses Savile Clarke, in the second act, fairly brought down the house.

### THE GHIZEH PALACE MUSEUM

See page 695

### CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS

See page 692

### THE BRUNSWICK MEMORIAL AT QUATRE BRAS

ON Monday last the inhabitants of Brussels were somewhat surprised to see in their streets a group of officers clad in German uniforms. These were the military deputation from the Duchy of Brunswick, who had come to unveil the monument recently put up to the memory of Duke Frederick William of Brunswick, who fell at Quatre Bras on the 16th of June, 1815. The local authorities of Baisy-Thy, the village near which the monument is erected, received the deputation and entertained them at lunch. After this a move was made to the field of battle, where the monument was presently unveiled. It is of a square shape, and bears on one side of its faces an inscription to this effect:—

"FREDERICK WILLIAM, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK AND LUNEBURG, FELL NEAR THIS PLACE WHILE FIGHTING AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS ON JUNE 16TH, 1815. THE GRATEFUL FATHERLAND TO THE MEMORY OF THE HEROES AND WARRIORS WHO FELL WITH HIM FOR GERMANY. 1890."

At the top of the monument, which has been erected at the expense of the people of Brunswick, is a lion, which, like the Waterloo lion, looks towards France. General von Wachtoltz delivered an address, tracing the Duke's career; wreaths, brought from Germany, were deposited on the monument; and so an interesting ceremony ended.

### "MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 693.

### THE CORCOVADO RAILWAY, RIO DE JANEIRO

IT would be a work of supererogation to describe the harbour of Rio, with its narrow entrance, its vast expanse of sheltered water

studded with innumerable palm-clad islands, and the lofty mountains which hem it in on every side. Every one has either seen or read of it. Suffice it to say that if one would get the most perfect view of Rio itself, its harbour, the celebrated Sugar-Loaf Mountain, and the surrounding country, one should make an expedition to the top of the Corcovado. Formerly this meant a toughish climb along a zigzag path, for the Corcovado, though not very high (only a little over 2,000 feet), is very steep. Lately, however, a railway, of the kind becoming so common in Switzerland, has been constructed to the top, and the traveller may get his view without earning it at the expense of his legs. Half-way up there is a reservoir, prettily situated, which receives the water of a cool and crystal mountain torrent, and compels it to minister to the wants of the thirsty dwellers in Rio, to which it is conveyed along a covered aqueduct.—Our engravings are from photographs.

### "CINDERELLA"

OF all fairy tales the story of Cinderella has inspired the pencil of the artist more frequently than any other. Sir John Millais has certainly painted one picture under the title, if not more. But, if we remember aright, Sir John's Cinderella was by no means so realistic as Mr. Manton's. This is a real Cinderella—a beautiful girl kept in servitude by the tyranny of her cruel relations, not merely a well-fed young lady choosing to sit with a broom among the ashes of the hearth. The rags tell of penury, the miserable sleeves of hard work, the melancholy expression of the miserable life her proud sisters are leading her. It is quite a comfort to turn from the sad figure in the centre to the pumpkin at the side, and to feel that after all the fairy godmother is really round the corner, and in a few moments will have delivered her from her thralldom.

### THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT

ON the occasion of the Eleventh Annual Tournament, which began on Wednesday last at the Royal Agricultural Hall, and will be continued daily until next Saturday, June 28th, the Committee have issued an interesting little pamphlet concerning the past history and present position of these Tournaments. The first Tournament was held at Wimbledon in 1878, under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, but did not prove a financial success—a remark which applies also to the Tournaments held at Islington in 1880 and 1881.

In the following year, however, the Musical Ride of the First Life Guards attracted great attention; and since then, the more spectacular items in the programme being increased and the less attractive displays reduced in number, the Tournaments have gained in popularity every year. In the last ten years 23,000l. has been handed over to Military Charities from the proceeds of the Tournament, while cash and prizes have also been granted to District and Regimental Tournaments. This year's Tournament will be noted for a Musical Ride by the Lothians and Berkshire Yeomanry—the first appearance in such prominent fashion of our auxiliary cavalry, but not, we trust, the last—and for an innovation in "the display of all arms"—a mountain pass being stormed instead of the traditional castle. The other popular features will be maintained, such as the cavalry charges, of which Mr. Charlton's drawing gives us so good an idea, the artillery-driving, and the minor displays.

### HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT

See page 704

### RUSSIA'S TREATMENT OF HER PRISONERS

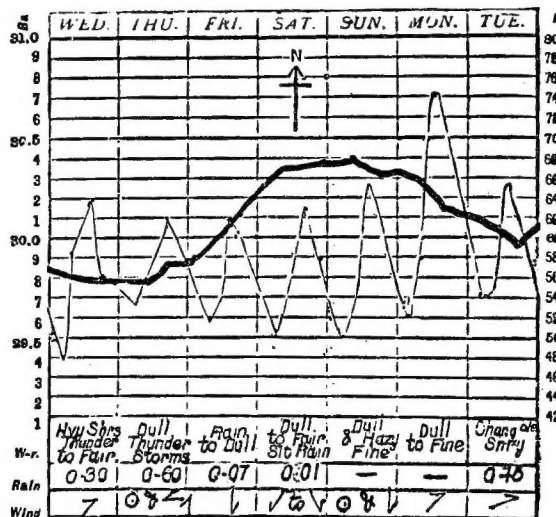
See page 706

### "HOW WE ASCENDED SNOWDON"

OUR engravings, which are from sketches by Mr. Cyril R. Hallward, are sufficiently explained by their titles.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (17th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the greater part of the past week the weather over the British Islands has been of an unsettled character, with rather heavy falls of rain at times in most places. Thunderstorms occurred during the early part of the time at some of the English and Irish Stations. At the beginning of the period a depression moved from the North-Westward of our Islands in a South-Easterly direction to the Continent, when it apparently travelled away to the Eastward, the highest pressure being meanwhile found over the North of Spain, and later on off our North-West and West Coasts. Southerly to Westerly, and finally Northerly breezes were experienced very generally, with somewhat low temperatures, dull and rainy weather in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, and thunderstorms at some Southern and Western Stations. In the rear of the above-mentioned disturbances the mercury rose steadily for a time, and the area of highest readings moved slowly from our Western Coast in a Southerly and Easterly direction, with Northerly to Westerly breezes, and a temporary improvement in the weather over the greater part of the country. At the close of our week the barometer was falling generally, and a depression was shown off our area. The weather, therefore, again fell into an unsettled condition, with which occurred towards the close of the time varied from 70° to 74° in many parts of England, while the lowest, which were registered on Sunday morning (15th inst.) in the North fell to 40° or less.

The barometer was highest (30.40 inches) on Sunday (15th inst.); lowest (29.61 inches) on Thursday (12th inst.); range 0.79 inch. The temperature was highest (74°) on Monday (16th inst.); lowest (49°) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range 25°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount 1.13 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.60 inch on Thursday (12th inst.)



THE House of Commons has this week suddenly blazed forth into a condition of animation which recalls the good old days that marked the Disraelian and the Gladstone Parliaments. The first and surest sign of unrest on the Opposition Benches is the growth of questions. At the Parliamentary epoch, when Mr. Biggar prominently figured, the Irish members occupied very much time—and, what was worse still, took a good deal of other people's time—in addressing questions to Ministers. During the existence of the present Parliament this system has fallen away—so imperceptibly that its surrease was not noticed. The House took as a matter of course a muster of from twenty to forty questions as a proper average, got through them in half-an-hour, and so to business.

On Monday the paper bristled with seventy questions, a large proportion relating to Ireland. But since Ireland has sufficient to bear it should be stated that two English members, Mr. Conyngham and Mr. Cunningham Graham, have by a doubtless unconscious coincidence of energy excelled any individual Irish member in the multiplicity of questions put down on the paper. Mr. Cunningham Graham has taken the police under his charge, and pelts Mr. Matthews with questions. Mr. Conyngham has done the London postman the injury of espousing his cause, and night after night draws up a list of questions addressed to Mr. Raikes. Sometimes, as happened on Tuesday, the Postmaster-General groups together four questions, each containing half-a-dozen allegations, and lightly declares that, having duly considered them, he finds them absolutely without foundation. At other times it is necessary to answer the questions seriatim, and the process occupies a considerable time.

The questions of the Irish members have largely turned on the disturbances in Tipperary and Cashel in Whitsun week. These events, taken in conjunction with the "shadowing" of persons whom the police suspect of boycotting intentions, have supplied literally illimitable opportunity for putting Mr. Balfour on the rack. On Monday twenty-five questions addressed to him appeared on the paper. But these are merely seed cast into a fruitful ground. They spring up with amazing rapidity, sprouting in all directions, till each question becomes the parent of ten or a dozen. No court of justice on any given day affords any approach to the severity of the cross-examination which Mr. Balfour suffers night after night. A Minister, finding a question addressed to him on the paper, has the advantage of consultation with his office assistant. They peradventure write out the answer for him, which he has merely to revise and recite. It is a very different thing when, in full view of the House of Commons, and with all the world listening at the doors, a Minister is brought up to the table time after time with shrewdly-put questions following close on each other's heels, and the necessity of making answer straight off without reference or reflection. This Mr. Balfour does every night of the Session, and this week the climax has been reached.

On Tuesday Mr. Smith made the long-deferred and anxiously-looked-for statement with respect to the course of public business. It was originally announced for last Thursday, but the meeting at the Carlton Club held on that day disclosed an unexpected chasm in the Party ranks. The Government had received a check, and amid much bantering from the Opposition were fain to postpone their declaration. The most important part of the statement as set forth on Tuesday related to a new departure in Parliamentary Procedure. The Government have hit upon a scheme which, well devised of itself, is admirably conceived to blunt the edge of Opposition. They adopt the spirit of Sir George Trevelyan's motion almost carried early in the year. They agree that Parliament should rise at an earlier period of the Session than has been possible hitherto. To that end they would have it meet earlier, and save—by some as yet unexplained means—that cruel waste of time in Debate on the Address which marks the commencement of each Session. On the 15th of July in every year all contentious business on the books is to be ruled off, notice being given that any public Bill in Committee or on the Report Stage may, upon motion being made, be suspended to the following Session, when it will be proceeded with at the stage upon which the debate was suspended.

All this is excellent, and there is no doubt that had the scheme been propounded at the commencement of the Session, and reasonable opportunity been provided for hammering it into shape, it would have met with that cordial and frank reception that made possible the passing of the New Rules. But unfortunately it comes at the end instead of the beginning of the Session, and is fatally connected with a measure which has scarcely a friend in the House. Everything, including the Land Purchase Bill, which looms in the Queen's Speech as the principal measure of the Session, is to be sacrificed in order to advance the Licensing Bill, which was not dreamt of when the Session opened. Mr. Gladstone promptly gave notice that when Mr. Smith moves the proposed Standing Order he will submit an amendment expressing the opinion that so grave a change in the usages of Parliament ought not to be accomplished without the House having, in accordance with precedents, the advantage of previous examination by a carefully-selected committee.

This amendment is the sure forecast of a prolonged debate, likely to occupy the time that might be used to advance some of the Bills for which Mr. Smith expressed warm solicitude. There is no doubt that if the business of the Session at the present day were comprised in this New Standing Order, and the due consideration of the enormous accumulation of Votes in Supply, it would fully suffice to carry on the Session to the date in August at which in former times it was customary to prorogue. Taking the average of former years, twenty-five days is the minimum of time required for disposing of the remaining Votes in Supply. The Government have four nights a week, and thus six weeks according to aftermark measurement would be taken up with Supply. But Supply, according to the programme unfolded by Mr. Smith in the hearing of an incredulous House, is not to be touched till a mass of legislative work is accomplished. First and foremost there is the Compensation Bill, that lean kine which swallows up the rest of the herd. This he says must be passed, and will be taken from day to day till it is ready for the Royal Assent. In addition there is the Tithes Bill, the Police Bill, the Barre Bill, the Western Australia Bill, the Indian Council Bill, and even one or two others, with respect to which Mr. Smith, in his pathetically sanguine way of looking at things, hopes may, somehow or other, chance to be passed. Mr. Labouchere quaintly asked on what day in December Mr. Smith thought the Prorogation would take place. The House laughed, but with an uneasy consciousness that, preposterous as the suggestion looked, it was not so far off.

Through the week, when squalls have not been flying on miscellaneous subjects, the House has been pegging away at the Compensation Bill. The progress has been slow and its incidents ominous. The Ministerial majority, which still upon occasion passes fourscore, has been woefully and significantly reduced. On one important amendment which, if carried, would have necessitated the withdrawal of the Bill, the majority was reduced to 33. On the next night it fell still lower, touching 29. These are dispiriting circumstances for the Government, and Mr. Smith, anxious and careworn, shows evident signs of their pressure. Still he cries "No surrender," and the struggle goes stubbornly forward.





THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK appeals for aid to raise a second Clergy Distress Fund for his Diocese. That formerly raised by him, amounting to more than 3,000*l.*, was to be, and was, distributed in the Jubilee year. No pledge is to be offered for the spending of the new one in a given time. Dr. Thomson states some very interesting facts in connection with the distribution of the former fund. In a great many cases gifts had to be gently forced into hands that were not held out to take them. In a few of these, not belonging to the less necessitous class, they were returned in favour of others that might need them more. Information to intending subscribers will be furnished on application to the Archbishop, who is to be the donor of 200*l.* out of the 600*l.* already promised.

AMONG THE ADDRESSES OF WELCOME presented to the new Bishop of Durham, on his recent visit to Sunderland, was one from Nonconformists. In his reply, Dr. Westcott said that he had felt himself bound by his literary work to many who were outwardly separated from him. It was his happy privilege during ten years to work, month after month, side by side, with representative scholars from every section of the Christian Church in the endeavour to revise the Authorised Version of the New Testament. He sat, he remembered, between a Wesleyan Methodist on one side and a United Presbyterian on the other. They were among his most precious and valued friends. Referring next to his participation in the more recent Conferences with representatives of the Congregational Churches, the Bishop said that they parted from each other not, of course, with complete agreement, but at least with a complete understanding, which might hereafter lead to still greater results.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Bishop Parry Memorial Fund have decided on placing a monumental tomb in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, and on expending 100*l.* on that portion of the memorial.

THE BROTHERHOOD SCHEME was discussed at the annual meeting of the Sheffield Church Conference. The character of the proposed vows met with general disapproval. Archdeacon Blakeney pointedly remarking that it was hardly fair in Bishops and other dignitaries to advocate vows of celibacy, abstinence, and poverty, unless they themselves were ready to take them.

DR. COURTHWAITE, Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds, died on Monday in his seventy-fourth year. He had presided for several years over the English College at Rome, when, in 1861, he was appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Beverley. On the division of that Diocese, which included the whole of Yorkshire, into two, Beverley and Leeds, he chose the latter, in which he will be succeeded by his Bishop-coadjutor, the Rev. Dr. Gordon.

A TOTAL of 25,000*l.* had been received early in the week for the Hospital Sunday Fund. Among the larger amounts notified since our last issue are 1,238*l.*, St. Jude, South Kensington; 1,016*l.*, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate; 423*l.*, All Saints, Ennismore Gardens; 382*l.*, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; 293*l.*, Quebec Chapel; 283*l.*, St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace; 230*l.*, Temple Church; 218*l.*, Holy Trinity, Paddington; and 202*l.*, Parish Church of Holy Trinity, Sydenham.



A SECOND "REPRESENTATION" of the promoters of a protest against the St. Paul's reredos has, as formerly stated in this column, been set aside by the Bishop of London, who declines to sanction the taking of proceedings in regard to it. The Bishop bases his refusal on the ground that the questions raised in this case are the same as in the previous one, and that there is now pending before the House of Lords the appeal against the decision of the Court of Appeal which quashed the *mandamus* of the Queen's Bench Division ordering him to send on the first "representation" in accordance with the statute. The promoters of the second representation have applied to the Queen's Bench Division to issue another and a similar *mandamus*. In support of the application it was alleged that it was justified by new circumstances having arisen since the decision of the Court of Appeal. The promoters of the first representation could only say that the reredos tended to encourage superstitious reverence and idolatry. In the present case it is asserted that such results had actually followed. On the ground that these additional circumstances might make a difference, Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Wills granted a rule *nisi* for a *mandamus* against the Bishop, who doubtless will instruct counsel to argue against its being made absolute.

A POINT OF SOME IMPORTANCE to the proprietors of illustrated journals and to the artists whom they employ has been raised in an action by Mr. Hayes, an artist, against Mr. Bowles, as proprietor and editor of *Vanity Fair*, when the cause of action arose. After plaintiff had contributed some cartoons to this journal, the defendant wrote him a letter containing the following sentence:—"You must bear in mind that any drawings you may submit must be subject to the editorial approval, and we cannot undertake to pay for any drawing until it appears in the paper." The plaintiff having claimed payment for some cartoons which were supplied by him, but have not been published, the defendant refused it, on the strength of the passage quoted. On trial, the judge upheld the defendant's view, and non-suited the plaintiff, who appealed to the Queen's Bench Division, consisting of Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Wills. They concurred in setting the non-suit aside, and in ordering a new trial, on the ground that three of the drawings having been "put on the stone," this constituted an acceptance of them, and, with other circumstances in the case, showed it to be one for the consideration of a jury. Circumstances, Lord Coleridge said, might have varied the original contract and created a new one.

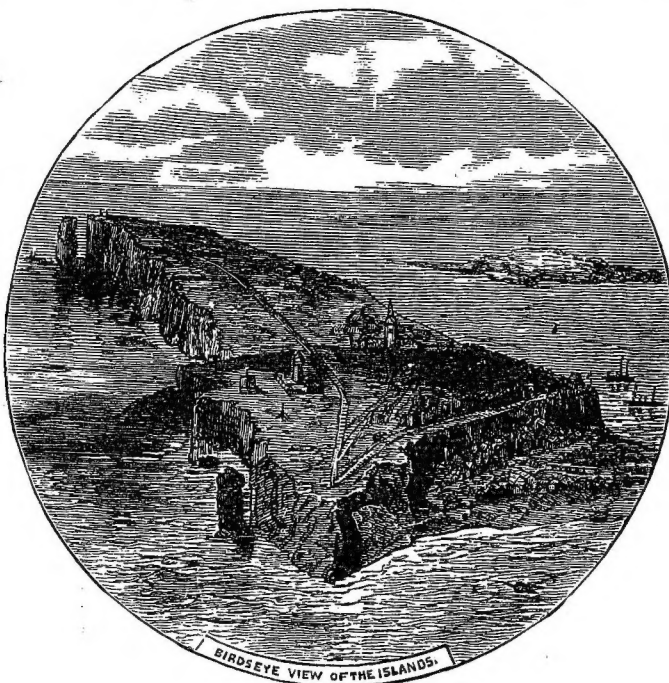
THE TEST-CASE, referred to in this column last week, to determine whether the prize-system as practised by many periodicals is or is not illegal under the Lottery Act, came this week before Sir John Bridge, at Bow Street. Mr. Asquith, Q.C., M.P., who was retained for the defendant, the proprietor of *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*, argued that, in spite of the words "each person has an equal chance," his client had not advertised a lottery, since the prize might be awarded by him to any one he chose. Sir John Bridge was not convinced by this reasoning, and, considering that the Lottery Act had been infringed, fined the defendant 1*s.* on each summons, remarking that the offence must not be considered a nominal one, although the circumstances of this case and its friendly character justified a nominal penalty. Nothing appears to have been said about stating a case for the opinion of a Superior Court.

AN INDIRECT COMPLIMENT to the ethics of the police-force was paid by a Salvationist, who headed a band of his co-religionists which had been shouting and tambourine-playing on Sunday afternoon in Chelsea, to the annoyance of the residents. He disobeyed the injunction of a policeman, in plain clothes, to move on. When brought before the Westminster police-magistrate, and charged with creating an obstruction, he excused himself by saying that he did not know at the time one of the complainants to be a policeman, "as he blasphemed so." Nevertheless, he was fined the full penalty of 40*s.*, or in default fourteen days' imprisonment.

THE *cause célèbre*, in which Miss Valerie Wiedemann sued Mr. Robert Horace Walpole for breach of promise of marriage, ended in the jury disagreeing.



A VERY IMPORTANT DESPATCH from Lord Salisbury, addressed on the 14th instant to the British Ambassador at Berlin, was issued on Tuesday as a Parliamentary Paper. It contains the outline of



HELIGOLAND AND SANDY  
Which it is proposed to cede to Germany

an arrangement which the British and German Governments consider will satisfactorily adjust their conflicting claims in Africa. One concession in it proposed to be made by Great Britain to Germany, the cession of Heligoland by the former to the latter Power, requires the preliminary assent of the British Parliament, and if the other arrangements are agreed on by the two Governments, that of the United Kingdom will introduce into Parliament a Bill authorising the cession. In his despatch to Sir E. Malet, Lord Salisbury points out that while the cession of Heligoland to Germany procures us important concessions from Germany in Africa, the possession of the little island is no benefit to this country. It has never been treated, Lord Salisbury says, as having any defensive or military value, nor has any attempt or proposal been made to arm it as a fortress; and, further, he and his colleagues are of opinion that in time of war it would constitute a heavy addition to the responsibilities of the Empire without contributing to its security. Should the cession take place, the interests of the islanders will be safeguarded, and their transfer to a Protectionist power, with a rigorous system of conscription, be alleviated. Conditions, Lord Salisbury promises, will be made securing all the inhabitants now living from compulsory naval or military service, and also providing for the continuance of the present Customs Tariff for a term of twenty years.

MR. H. M. STANLEY has been prosecuting his anti-German crusade in Scotland, where, from the support given to and the successful efforts made by Scotch missionaries in Central Africa, the new African Question is regarded with peculiar interest. He delivered one of his anti-German philippics at Aberdeen when being presented with the freedom of the City on Tuesday. The interest of the speech as printed is diminished by the circumstance that when he made it he was ignorant of the outline of the arrangement approved of by the British and German Governments. One passage in it exhibited his knowledge of an effective method of arousing the sympathies of a Scottish audience. When laying stress on the value of the pastoral uplands between the Lakes Albert Edward and Victoria Nyanza down to Lake Tanganyika, he described their inhabitants as some of the most interesting people to be found in Africa, and could bestow no higher praise on them than to say that "in temperament they were like the Scotch, studious and reflective."

MR. MONRO's resignation of the Chief Commissionership of Police does not, of course, take effect until his successor is appointed. Meanwhile he has been conferring with the superintendents of the Metropolitan Police on those superannuation clauses of the Home Secretary's Bill which are strongly objected to by the force. While granting the request of the London constables to meet and consider their position, he has wisely counselled them to give Mr. Matthews's Police Bill due consideration, and not to attack the whole measure because certain of its proposals are objectionable.

AS LORD ROSEBERY has intimated his intention of resigning the Chairmanship of the London County Council, rumour has been busy with the question who is to be his successor. The names most prominently mentioned in this connection are those of the Marquis of Ripon and of the Vice-Chairman of the Council, Sir John Lubbock. At its usual weekly meeting on Tuesday, the Council discussed a recommendation from the Theatres and Music Halls Committee, which alleged that it was entrusted with a mission to regulate and purify public amusements, but had no adequate means for carrying it into effect. The Council some time ago rejected a proposal that the members of the Committee should personally and systematically inspect the performances that took place. In the Council's Bill now before Parliament power is sought to obtain paid inspectors for the purpose; but meanwhile the Theatres Committee can do nothing and the hands of its purist members are tied. The Committee accordingly recommended that the Council should authorise it to

make its own arrangements for the supervision and inspection of all places of public amusement. After several divisions this recommendation was agreed to, and the lessees of music-halls in particular may doubtless expect visits before long from the austere Mr. McDougall and his allies.

THE SUCCESSES of the fair sex at Cambridge perhaps contributed to an important decision at Oxford in Congregation on Tuesday. After a keen discussion, a majority of 75 to 58 affirmed the preamble of a new statute, which is regarded as a first step towards the admission of women to the medical degree of the University.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week. The deaths numbered 1,375 against 1,393 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 18, and at the rate of 16.2 per 1,000. The chilly weather, however, affected the fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs, which advanced to 240—an increase of 11, and 15 above the average. There were 100 deaths from whooping-cough (a rise of 25), 59 from measles (a fall of 32), 24 from diphtheria (an advance of 4), 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 7), 11 from scarlet fever (equal to last week), and 11 from enteric fever (a rise of 4). Different forms of violence caused 36 deaths, including one murder, one execution, and four suicides, while six people were run over fatally. There were 2,447 births registered—an advance of 48.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Wolseley, who is writing a Military Biography of Marlborough, will resign at the end of July the Adjutant-Generalship of the Army. His successor in that important office will, it is generally thought, be either Sir Evelyn Wood or Sir Frederick Roberts.—Mr. Chamberlain presided and spoke at a meeting in Birmingham on Monday, held to promote a local patriotic fund for the completion of the equipment of the Birmingham Volunteers, and the formation of an additional battalion. More than 2,000*l.* was promised towards the 5,000*l.* required.—At the annual meeting of the Geographical Society on Monday, Dr. Felkin received from the Chairman, Sir M. E. Grant Duff, on behalf of Emin Pasha, the Patron's Medal awarded him by the Society for his geographical explorations in Africa. The Founder's Medal was presented to Lieutenant T. E. Younghusband for his journey across Central Asia in 1886-7.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Dowager Lady Saltoun; in his seventy-second year, of Sir Philip Pauncefort-Duncombe, Bart.; of Mr. Robert Williams, senior partner in the banking firm of Williams, Deacon, and Co., and of the Dorsetshire Bank, R. R. Williams and Co., M.P. for Dorchester from 1835 to 1841, Vice-President and a zealous promoter of the Church Missionary Society, and the benefactor of many philanthropic enterprises in London and in Dorset; in his fifty-eighth year, of General R. W. Erskine Dawson, late the 18th Royal Irish Regiment; in his sixty-third year, of General R. Warden; in his eighty-first year, of General James K. Spence; in his seventy-sixth year, of the Rev. Charles Tower, Hon. Canon of Salisbury Cathedral; in his thirtieth year, of Mr. James McConnell, Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge; in his sixty-seventh year, of Mr. W. Sweetland Dallas, a naturalist of some eminence, especially in entomology, until his death one of the editors of "The Annals of Natural History," author of "A History of Entomology," among many other contributions to the literature of Natural History, and successively Curator of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society's Museum, and Assistant-Secretary to the Geological Society; and in his seventy-third year, of Mr. William G. Parmenter, Paymaster-in-Chief, R.N.

## PASTIMES

THE TURF.—The first day of Ascot was a good deal spoiled by the frequent showers which fell. However, the Royal Procession was held as usual, and the sport was quite up to the average. Backers, indeed, thought it most satisfactory, for favourites were successful all through the day, with two exceptions. One of these was rather an important exception. Surefoot was made favourite for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, but ran nowhere. Mr. Houldsworth's Alloway was first, and the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green second. After this, Surefoot, who had been backed at as little as 3 to 1 for the St. Leger, beat a hasty retreat to double those odds. The Coventry Stakes, a new race for two-year-olds, attracted nineteen runners. Mr. J. B. Leigh's The Deemster was made favourite, with justice, as it proved. Lord Lorne, as last year, secured the Ascot Stakes. Simonian won the Thirty-Third Biennial, and the ever-victorious Tyrant landed the Gold Vase for Mr. Singer, beating L'Abbesse de Jouarre and the Labyrinth filly. Next day Surefoot took the Thirty-Second Biennial from a weak field, Morion secured a popular victory in the Royal Hunt Cup for Lord Hartington, and Heresy won the Coronation Stakes.

Another "crack" disappointed expectation at Sandown last week in the person of Signorina. She was strongly backed to win the Electric Stakes, and so recover her reputation, but got beaten by Mr. L. de Rothschild's Lactantius. It is now stated that Signorina will not run again till the autumn. Of the remaining races at Sandown we may note the victories of King of Diamonds in the Robert de Witville Handicap, and of Mr. A. Taylor's filly by Exile II.—Lady Charlie in the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes. The Lewes meeting was chiefly remarkable for the success of that old deceiver The Baron and the death by lightning-stroke of a man on the course. Le Nord was made a strong favourite for the Grand Prix de Paris on Sunday, but ran nowhere, and the winner turned up in Baron A. de Schickler's FitzRoya. At their meeting last week the Jockey Club altered Rule 45, to the effect that half the added money at any meeting should be devoted to races of a mile and upwards.

CRICKET.—Fortune has not favoured our Colonial visitors since we last wrote. Notts beat them by an innings and 26 runs, the worst defeat they have yet experienced, and one chiefly due to the fine batting of Shrewsbury and Gunn and the bowling of Attewell; while they also succumbed to the South of England, for which Mr. W. W. Read made 90 and 4, and Dr. W. G. Grace 49 and 35. This left the Australians' record—twelve matches played; five won, five lost, and two drawn. Yorkshire, for whom Peel took ten wickets at a cost of less than six runs apiece, continued their victorious career over Middlesex, but were pulled up in it by Notts, who beat them by 198 runs. Middlesex, for whom Mr. A. J. Webb scored 65 and 134, gained a gallant victory over Lancashire, which had previously beaten Warwickshire. The last-mentioned county also succumbed to Kent. In University cricket the only events to be recorded are the excellent display of Cambridge against Surrey, when, but for want of time, the county would hardly have escaped defeat, and the victory of Dr. W. G. Grace's England Eleven over Dublin.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Champion Polo Cup at Hurlingham was won by the Sussex team, which, with three Peats in it, easily beat Derbyshire in the final.—A series of billiard matches have been held at the Aquarium this week for the benefit of William Cook, the popular ex-Champion.—The "Ringol" Championship fell to Mr. C. E. Johnstone. This pastime is coming more and more into fashion.—The latest thing in "Leagues" is the Baseball League, formed by Preston, Birmingham, Derby, and Stoke, which from now to the beginning of the football season will give exhibitions of the American game at different places in the North and Midlands.—Kibblewhite won the Two Miles Invitation Race at the Kildare A.C. Meeting on Saturday, doing the distance in 9 min. 20 3/5ths secs., only three seconds more than W. G. George's record.





MR. G. F. BENNETT  
Senior Wrangler



MISS PHILIPPA FAWCETT  
"Above the Senior Wrangler"



MR. H. W. SEGAR  
Second Wrangler

### THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS

#### THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS, 1890.

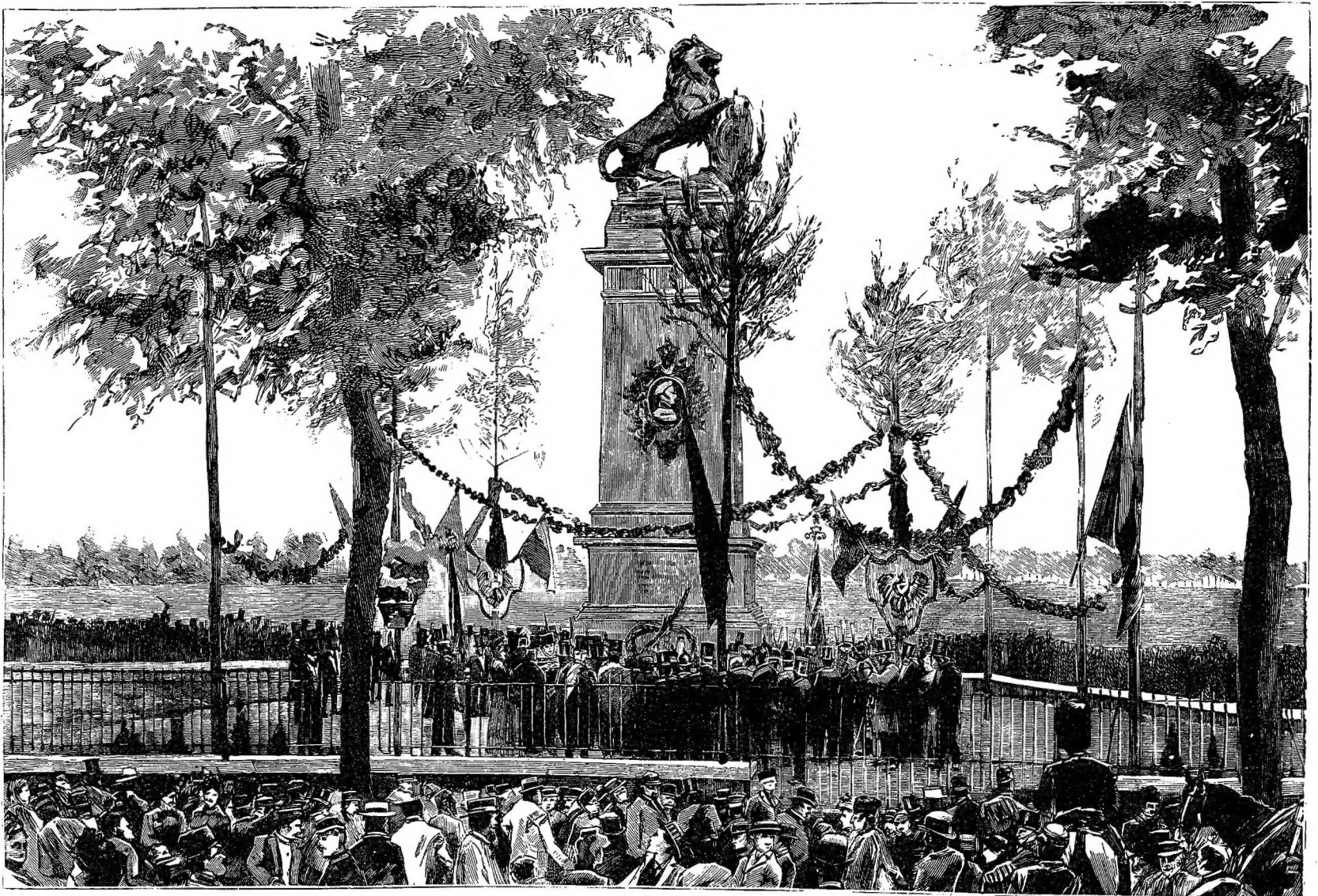
THE true Senior Wrangler of the year at Cambridge is a woman—for the first time in University records. Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett, only daughter of the late statesman, heads the Mathematical Tripos, being placed by the examiners above the nominal Senior Wrangler, Mr. G. T. Bennett, of John's, although the rules of the University do not permit her to be adjudged formally the distinction she has won. The successful young lady inherits special intellectual gifts from both parents, for her mother, a member of the talented Garrett family, has long shown her zeal and ability in educational and philanthropic affairs. Professor Fawcett himself, it is said, only lost the Senior Wranglership through becoming over-excited during the examination. No such nervousness affected his daughter. She wrote her papers coolly, felt no fatigue, and slept soundly throughout, though imagining that she had done badly. Nor has her health suffered, for Miss Fawcett never worked late at night, but closed her books rigidly at eleven, and by thus avoiding over-strain she came out four hundred marks higher than her masculine rival. Miss Fawcett is twenty-two years old,

pale, dark, tall, and slender. She has very quiet manners, and avoids all blue-stocking eccentricity, dressing like the rest of the world.

Miss Fawcett was educated at the Clapham High School, studied afterwards at University College, simultaneously with Mr. Bennett, and three years ago won a scholarship at Newnham, where her tutors were Dr. Routh, the Rev. G. B. Atkinson, and Mr. Hobson. It is a curious coincidence that the first of the meetings which led to the foundation of Newnham College was held in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing-room, when the future lady-Wrangler was only one-and-a-half years old. Great rejoicings took place in her honour at Newnham, directly the result of the examination was known. As Miss Fawcett was a student at Clough Hall, the Principal gave a dinner, followed by a dance, fireworks, and illuminations, the students joining hands round a huge bonfire, and carrying Miss Fawcett at their head in triumph. The Cambridge men showed no jealousy at being beaten by one of the weaker sex, but cheered Miss Fawcett heartily when the lists were read out in the Senate.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Owen, 29, Catharine Street, Salisbury.

Mr. Geoffrey Thomas Bennett, however, the actual Senior Wrangler, deserves some sympathy for his rather awkward position, holding his honours in name only. He is a year younger than Miss Fawcett, and is a son of Mr. Thomas Bennett of Cambridge. He was educated at Tollington Park College, in Northern London, and University College, whence he won a Scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge, some years ago. Matriculating in 1887, he is now a Foundation Scholar of his college.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Valentine Blanchard, and Lunn, Post Office Terrace, Cambridge.

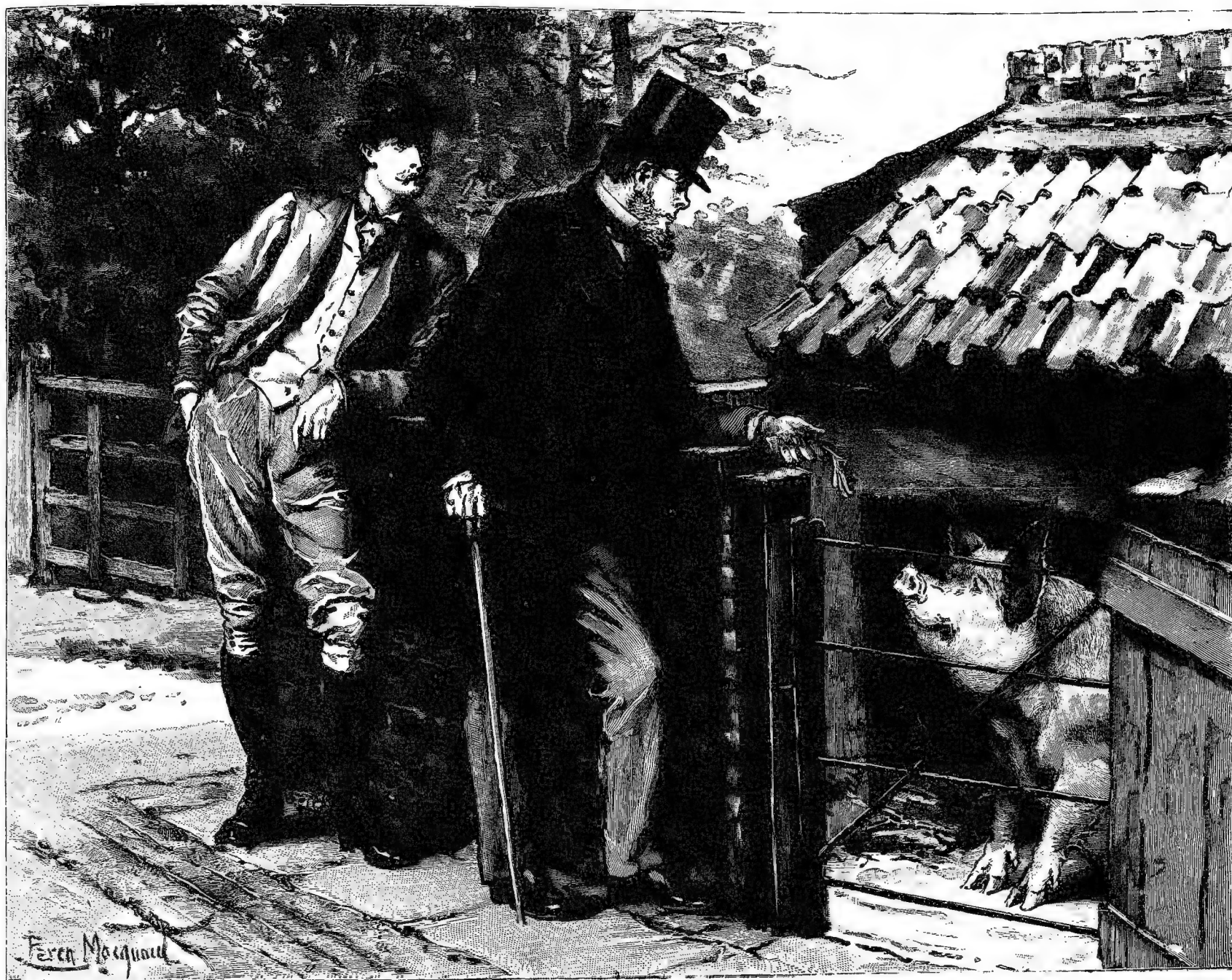
The Second Wrangler, Mr. Hugh William Segar, is a Liverpool man, and twenty-two years of age. He studied at the Elementary School and the Liverpool College, afterwards gaining a Scholarship at Trinity, where he came into residence in 1887. In connection with "Miss Fawcett's year," it may be noted that a gentleman suffering from the same disability of blindness as her father, Mr. J. H. Warrington, of St. Peter's, stands twentieth amongst the Senior Optimes.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Stearn, Cambridge.



#### THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

UNVEILING THE STATUE AT QUATRE BRAS, ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK WILLIAM, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE





DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

"Those are goodish pigs," said Lord Grimstock, after a considerable pause.

## "MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

### CHAPTER XLV.

WITH the lengthening of the bright May days, Mildred Enderby's strength increased rapidly; and she had almost recovered her old placid cheerfulness.

Her cousins, the Misses Avon, had discovered that Mildred had a will of her own, and had once or twice been disconcerted by her manifestations of a rather inconvenient clear-sightedness as to motives; which was the more surprising since they had made up their minds that dear Mildred was not at all clever. No; she certainly was not clever. Nevertheless she somehow "saw through things" unaccountably.

Lord Grimstock, on the contrary, was delighted with the good sense she displayed on matters of business. He had had one or two conversations with her during the days she had spent at his house in town; and although she was, of course, utterly ignorant and inexperienced as to the management of money, yet he found her perfectly able to grasp everything he told her. And whenever she ventured on a suggestion it was to the point, and, generally, practicable. And Mildred did not "rush at things" in an enthusiastic, young lady fashion. Her schemes for being charitable, and improving the condition of her poorer tenants and neighbours, although sometimes crude, were never Quixotic. There was a power of sober deliberation in Mildred, which was eminently satisfactory to Lord Grimstock.

"She will make a model rich woman," he said to his wife. "It is a great relief to my mind to find her so sensible. By the terms of her poor father's will, she will be absolute mistress of a very fine fortune when she comes of age—able to make ducks and drakes of it, if she likes. But she won't like."

"Of course, she will marry," said Lady Grimstock musingly. "I hope so. But there's time enough to think of that, Adelaide."

"Oh yes; of course. And she may not marry, you know. Some old maids are very happy."

"H'm! Should you like Janey to be an old maid?" returned her husband.

Janey was their youngest child and only girl; a fat blue-eyed toddler of four years old, as to whose future it had several times occurred to Lady Grimstock that it would be very nice for Janey's children to have a wealthy spinster cousin, should Mildred, after all, elect to be a "happy old maid." But her ladyship kept these far-reaching visions to herself.

One hint, however, she conceived it her duty to give her husband. She informed him that she was quite sure—although she had

never been told so in plain words—that Charlotte fancied Mildred and Dick Avon were fond of each other, and that she (Charlotte) encouraged it.

Lord Grimstock frowned, and pshaw'd, and didn't believe any nonsense of the sort. But, nevertheless, the mainspring of his motive for running down to Avonthorpe, as he did a few days later, ostensibly to speak with Mildred on business, was to observe for himself the relations between young Avon and his heiress-cousin.

Lord Grimstock thoroughly disapproved of such a marriage as Adelaide had hinted at. In the first place, Mildred was a great deal too young to be entangled in any engagement: she could not know her own mind. In the next place—well, in the next place, Lord Grimstock did know his own mind; and his mind was that Miss Enderby of Enderby Court ought to marry some one a great deal more distinguished, and of much higher rank in the world, than poor Dick Avon.

The Earl did not care very much about the Avon genealogy, or the Heptarchy, or the number of centuries during which there had always been Avons at Avonthorpe. Of course Mildred must marry a man of good family. But Lord Grimstock was strongly inclined to prefer a peerage of the Victorian era to a pedigree dating back to King Athelstan, and ending in poor young Squire Avon, who could make no figure at all in the county, and was obliged to let all the grazing in the Home Park to a Redminster butcher.

To this extent had the nineteenth century set its seal even on the head of the House of Gaunt! But perhaps some analogous views may have been held even in the ninth century, since history does not indicate that at any period the majority of human beings have preferred to gratify their imagination by lofty ideals rather than indulge their desire for power and predominance by more vulgar realities.

It so fell out that Lord Grimstock unexpectedly arrived at Avonthorpe the day after Lady Charlotte had left it. It did not particularly surprise him to hear that she had suddenly taken it into her head to go to town alone for the purpose of seeing her lawyer. That Charlotte had chartered liberty to do as she pleased, without much reference to the opinions of other people, being a tradition established in the consciousness of all the Gaunt family from their nursery days.

Mrs. Avon welcomed him with effusive demonstrations of pleasure, intending to drive him over to the Addenbrooks, and one or two other of their nearer neighbours, and to flourish him—in a gracefully well-bred manner, of course—in the face of the county generally. But, to her great disappointment, no sooner had his lordship finished a private conversation with Mildred than Dick carried him

off to inspect the Home Farm, and to give his opinion as to the best crops for growing on the clayey bottom beyond the five-acre field.

That, said Mrs. Avon to her daughter Mary, was just like Dick's self-absorbed tactlessness. As if poor dear Lord Grimstock would not prefer a quiet drive with her in the lanes to looking at rickyards, and pigsties, and cattle-sheds! Mrs. Avon was one of those women who cling, in the teeth of evidence, to the delusion that most men prefer their society to each other's.

Lord Grimstock looked, and listened, and examined the farm matters laid before him very attentively. And he made several suggestions, and offered several pieces of advice; which, however, were rendered nugatory by Dick's constant answer, given with a melancholy shake of the head, that he couldn't afford it; hadn't the ready money.

"The truth is," said Dick, "that, as I was saying to—some one the other day, if it were not for my sisters, I would go back to Australia to-morrow. It is rolling a big stone up-hill to keep on here, trying to make the land pay without any capital to expend on it."

"Go to Australia, Richard! Surely it would be a pity to exile yourself in that way!"

"Exile myself from what? Nobody wants me here particularly, that I can see," said Richard, with a moody face, so unlike his usual open cheerfulness that Lord Grimstock began to wonder whether it were possible that the young man were really attached to his cousin Mildred, and not very hopeful as to his attachment being returned.

"Come, come, my dear fellow," said Lord Grimstock, kindly. "that's a little morbid, isn't it?" Then, wishing to give the matter a lighter tone, he added, "If you come to that, when you talk about deserting to Australia, we might say that you didn't seem to want any of us, particularly!"

"Oh, as to what I want," said Dick. Then he paused, and stood silent, leaning over the fence of a pigsty, and apparently absorbed in contemplating its solitary inmate. This was a matron whose young family were routing with juvenile vivacity in an adjoining pen. But their mamma lay in a languishing attitude, with her head on one side, occasionally emitting a muffled grunt, and—having recently gorged herself to repletion—appeared to be languidly inquiring whether life (on pig-wash) were really worth living, with an air of superior boredom that was infinitely grotesque.

"Those are goodish pigs," said Lord Grimstock, after a considerable pause.



"Where?" asked Dick, looking up vacantly. But instantly recovering himself, and reddening very much, he said, "Yes—oh, yes!—Pretty fair. But I mustn't keep you here all the afternoon. It's past five. My mother will be wanting to offer you a cup of tea."

They went towards the house. Lord Grimstock's face had grown very grave. "Either I have forgotten the symptoms, or my young friend here is hard hit," said he to himself. "And I don't know when anything has annoyed me more. It's an uncommon nuisance—really, a very serious nuisance. Why in the world has Charlotte been so foolish as to fling them at each other's heads in this way?"

Lord Grimstock so keenly felt the need of scolding somebody for this untoward state of things, that—Charlotte not being at hand; nor, perhaps, altogether scoldable, if she had been—his lordship sat down and wrote a sharp letter to the wife of his bosom; declaring that he had convinced himself Mildred had no such nonsense in her head as she had hinted at, and begging Adelaide, with some sternness, to refrain from promulgating any idle gossiping speculations on the subject.

He was, in truth, tolerably easy about Mildred's state of mind. She spoke of Dick in precisely the same tone of sisterly affection as before; and sounded his praises with a frank warmth which her uncle considered incompatible with being in love with him. As to the young man, whatever his feelings might be, he had probably too much pride and delicacy to woo the heiress in his own house. It would be like taking an ungenerous advantage. But Lord Grimstock's observation led him to think that every one at Avonthorpe did not exercise the same reticence, and that the heiress was being wooed for him with considerable zeal. He was sure that Mrs. Avon and her daughters were doing all in their power to win this rich bride for Dick; and altogether he felt anxious to get Mildred away from Avonthorpe.

It occurred to him that Mildred's nervous shrinking from returning to Enderby Court might have disappeared with the improvement in her health. If she would consent to go there, that would be the best arrangement of all. It was so perfectly natural for Mildred to wish to return to her own home, that it could neither surprise nor offend her present hosts. He hinted the suggestion to Mildred, who accepted it willingly.

"I should like to go to the Court now," she said; "having Lucy with me will make such a difference. You can't think, Uncle Reginald, what a difference it will make!"

"I don't suppose your Aunt Charlotte will have any objection to go there soon?" said Lord Grimstock.

"Oh, no; I don't think Aunt Charlotte will mind going away from Avonthorpe at all—except for Cousin Dick. But we can have him to see us at the Court, can't we?" said Mildred, innocently.

Her uncle was now perfectly satisfied that her feeling for her cousin was, as yet, thoroughly calm and sisterly. But it might be dangerous to leave her among the Avons much longer. He would hurry her departure as much as he decently could.

There was only one drawback to Mildred's contentment at this time—Lucy's frequent allusions to her purpose of seeking another situation as a governess; although Lucy had not yet told her that Lady Charlotte had positively promised to get employment for her.

"I wish you would speak to her, Dick," said Mildred, the morning after her uncle's arrival, and while Mrs. Avon had got Lord Grimstock into the drawing-room to look at Cedric's portrait, and to descant to him on her own trials and the admirable manner in which she had endured them.

"I speak to her? It isn't very likely Miss Marston will listen to me, if she won't listen to you," said Dick, rather gloomily. "Besides, haven't you noticed that she seems unwilling to endure more of my company than is absolutely necessary? And it isn't for me to force it on her—least of all, in my own house."

"Don't be foolish, Dick!"

"I am not foolish—at least—yes, I am foolish. But I will try to keep my foolishness to myself. Lately, whenever we three have chanced to be together—in the garden, or under the cedar, or wherever it may have been, Miss Marston has always made some excuse to get up and go away. You must have noticed it."

Now this avoidance of being thrown together in intimate companionship was precisely the line of conduct which Dick himself had resolved to adopt towards Miss Marston. But being adopted by Miss Marston towards him made it a very different matter. There was all the difference between renunciation and deprivation.

"Oh, you mustn't mind that. I know Lucy," said Mildred, nodding sagely. "She has proud notions of not trusting herself between me and my cousins. She will get over all that, and come back to her old ways when we are at home again. We are to go to Enderby Court soon. Uncle Reginald says he thinks it is time that I settled myself in my own house now. And you have all been so good to me, and taken so much care of me, that I shall go there quite strong again. But I must have Lucy with me. Tell her so, Cousin Dick. Tell her that it would make me ill again if she were to disappoint me. It really would, you know," added Mildred, gravely raising her blue eyes to his, which were very like her own. "When I say so, she thinks it is only to coax her. But she will believe it if you say it."

Dick shook his head irresolutely.

"Go now and talk to her," persisted Mildred. "I know where she is—in the rose-walk. Do please, Cousin Dick!"

Dick turned, and walked slowly away from the cedar tree beneath which Mildred was sitting, as he saw his two younger sisters approaching it. He had no definite purpose in his mind of obeying Mildred's behest; but somehow he presently found himself in the rose-walk.

It was a grassy path bordered by standard rose-trees, between the lines of which a slight young figure was pacing with drooping head, and hands loosely clasped before her. She turned at the end of the walk, and came towards him with her eyes still on the ground, but, after a few seconds, she looked up and saw him there. She gave a great start, as though the master of Avonthorpe were the last person she could have expected to behold. But then, as she advanced, she said, "Where is Mildred?"

"Mildred is in the West Garden, under the cedar. She sent me to you."

"Oh thanks! Does she want me? I will go to her directly."

He stood full in her path, and she looked up, expecting him to move. But he remained where he was, and said,

"I'm very sorry to bore you, but Mildred asked me to speak to you. It is not my fault."

"Oh, pray do not say that. How could it bore me?" she said hurriedly, and turning rather pale. "I did not understand that you wanted to speak with me."

Still he did not move, but remained looking at her as if he had forgotten where he was, forgotten his errand, forgotten everything but the sweet young face with its changing colour, and shyly down-cast eyes.

At length he said gently, "Take my arm—you won't mind for this once; perhaps it may be the last time—and let us talk."

She laid her hand lightly on his sleeve, but did not look up, as she said timidly, "The last time—? Are you going away then?"

"No; but you are."

"I? Oh yes—but not immediately."

"Mildred is dreadfully distressed by your project of leaving her again," said Richard, when they had walked a few paces.

"I must, I must," answered Lucy with nervous quickness, as though to repel argument or discussion. "I have gone over it all in my mind many times. Besides—I have been here a long time already. I cannot stay for ever."

"Mildred says she can't bear to face returning to Enderby Court without you. If you are with her there, she says she could be quite cheerful and content."

"Enderby Court! Is she going home soon? I thought she spoke of remaining here all the summer."

"That was my wish—and my mother's. But her uncle seems to think it desirable that she should be settled in her own home. She begged me to assure you that she would be ill again, as she phrased it, if you refused to accompany her. I do think that she would be very likely to fall back into a state of nervous depression. Of course nothing I can say is likely to make any difference to you. But I promised Mildred to bear my testimony, and I have done it."

"Oh, I will go with her to Enderby Court for a while willingly," said Lucy. "What is there in the world that I would not try to do for her? But that sounds absurd—as if I were called upon to make some great sacrifice. The truth is, I feel that nothing could be sweeter to me than a few peaceful weeks in the dear home where I was so happy."

Dick, instead of receiving this answer with the least show of satisfaction, looked straight before him in a gloomy manner, and said—

"I see; your great haste to resume harness was spurred by your desire to get away from Avonthorpe! You are willing to remain with Mildred anywhere else."

Lucy felt this to be very cruel; but then she reflected that he could not guess how cruel it was, and she gathered up all her strength to prevent him from guessing it.

"I hope," she said, "that neither Mrs. Avon nor you consider me ungrateful for the great kindness I have received here, but—"

"Oh, ungrateful!—that is nonsense," said Dick, with a little frown.

"Pardon me," she answered, with some spirit; "why should it be nonsense? Of course, I have no sort of claim on any of you except through Mildred; and, surely, I may be forgiven for feeling that there is some difference between staying at Enderby Court, which was really my home from ten years old, and remaining here."

"No doubt there is a great difference," returned Dick, speaking still in the same distant, gloomy tone, and looking sternly at the lines of the innocent rose-tress narrowing in the perspective before him.

Lucy was silent, feeling that his tone made it almost impossible for her to speak again; but, at length, when they had reached the end of the walk, and were about to turn, she said—

"I think I must be going in now. I hope—I hope I have not done anything to offend you, Mr. Avon?"

He pressed her arm closer to his side, with a sudden involuntary movement, and looked round at her quickly, but he made no answer.

"If I have," she went on, "it has been unknowingly. I am very—very sensible of all your goodness to me. I shall never forget it."

The thought had been in her mind that perhaps it would be wiser to part with some coolness, to let him cherish any slight anger he might be feeling against her, but when the moment came she could not bear it. He should at least not misjudge her; he should think of her kindly.

He caught her wrist and held it firmly. "Are you in earnest?" he said, looking down on her with a new eagerness in his eyes.

"In earnest—?"

"About thinking I was offended with you, or whatever nonsense it was you said."

"Yes," whispered Lucy faintly, and feeling as if she had been suddenly plunged among great waves, whose tossing left her no strength to think.

"Don't you know?" he said, vehemently. "Don't you see how dearly I love you?"

There was no bashfulness in the look with which she met his—only a wide-eyed, startled wonder, as little self-conscious as a child's.

"But how can you?" she gasped.

It was too much for Dick's self-command. He caught her in his arms, and kissed her passionately. "How couldn't I, you mean?" he said, releasing her with a face which scarcely expressed so much penitence as his next words did. "I'm awfully sorry! Have I vexed you—Lucy?"

Her eyes fell now, and a deep blush spread over her face and neck, as she said tremulously, "They told me—I thought you had no right to speak to me so."

"No more I have!" answered Dick, drawing back with a sudden look of pain. "They were quite right, whoever they were. I have no right to ask any woman to share years of weary waiting. I didn't mean to speak, but I couldn't help it; the words were in my heart, and they leaped out in spite of me. I believe I have loved you since the very first moment I set eyes on you. Now you know the truth. But don't fret, dear," for the tears were now rolling swiftly down her cheeks; "don't be too sorry for me. I shall pull through. And—and I'd rather love you without hope than marry any other woman in the world."

Lucy felt a dreadful struggle within her. She must know the truth; and she was conscious that if she did not speak now, the opportunity would be irrevocably gone—that present moment, with all that it meant for both of them, would return no more. And yet it was almost impossibly difficult to speak. At last, with a kind of desperate courage, like one jumping from a precipice with closed eyes, she said rapidly, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, "I don't mean that; what would waiting matter? I thought you were bound to some one else!"

She had leapt and alighted safely, for the next moment his arms were round her, and he was saying, "Lucy! Do you mean that you would wait? My darling, I am bound to no one, except to do the best I can for the poor girls."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

WHEN Charlotte Gaunt, after her interview with Caroline, was driven back to the house near St. James's Street where she had lodged herself, the woman of the house (who had been an old servant of the Gaunt family) was quite alarmed by the change in her face. She told her husband that my lady "looked like death," and hinted to my lady herself that it might be well to send round to Lord Grimstock's house and get some one to come and see her.

But this Lady Charlotte positively forbade. "I am ill, Gibbs," she said; "but I am not going to die. I think one of my bad nervous headaches is coming on. But I know what to do. Get me some tea, and let me have it in my bedroom as soon as possible; and then leave me undisturbed until I ring to-morrow morning. I will go to bed: rest is the only thing for me."

Lady Charlotte was well enough the next morning to breakfast at her usual hour; and afterwards to write a letter, which she carried out and posted with her own hand. She was able, moreover, to start in the afternoon on her return to Avonthorpe. But the scene she had gone through had changed and aged her more than the past ten years.

She had been spared the threatened headache. With the

inscrutability of a nervous disorder, the malady which usually assailed her after painful excitement seemed, on this occasion, to have been charmed away by the very excess of her emotion. But she was absolutely wakeful the whole night through, with an intense wakefulness in which her mind worked with marvellous swiftness and lucidity.

She reviewed her girlhood, recalling long-forgotten and trivial details—or, rather, *seeing* them, without any conscious effort of memory, as though a series of vivid images were presented bodily before her. She saw herself as she had often seen her own reflection in a mirror: a beautiful, stately creature, in the bloom of early womanhood. She remembered the exultant sense she had, at times, of being able to bear down all opposition to her will; and the kind of contemptuous pity she had felt for those women—her mother or among them—who weakly yielded to adverse circumstances, or to the preponderating influence of others; and so lived a life of negation and constantly frustrated effort. It should not be so with Charlotte Gaunt!

"God help her!" she murmured, half aloud, contemplating that image of youthful self-will and triumphant egoism as though it were some creature apart from herself.

She thought of Caroline—not as she had seen her that day; but, always as the young creature fresh from the Parisian school, with the gloss of her girlish accomplishments upon her; brilliant, quick, adaptable; somewhat petulant at times, but always amenable to influence; by showing some self-willed resistance to that of others; twinkling and sparkling beside her noble patroness, like a bright little star beside the crescent moon.

Then came the figure of her brother Hubert, grave-eyed, gentle, but full of inward fire; living and walking through the world with a constant and intense vision of spiritual things; Hubert, whom her thoughts had been wronging all these years!

She remembered a painful scene between Hubert and their mother, when the Countess had warned her son against allowing himself to be hurried away by an inclination which could only bring disgrace and sorrow upon them all; and when Hubert, avowing that he loved Caroline Graham, and that no worldly reasons would avail to hinder him from marrying her, solemnly declared that he renounced her for reasons which made him aware that she would hinder him in his Master's work.

Not long afterwards came his pathetic death, when he was stricken down in his youth by a fever caught in tending some miserable wretches whom all but himself and the parish doctor had deserted from fear of infection. And then—then the sickening misery of learning that that seeming pure and noble life had been a sham: that the story of his love for Caroline had been merely a common story of vulgar seduction, seduction made baser and more vile by hypocrisy. Charlotte felt over again the saddening shame of that revelation; the humiliating consciousness of deception in keeping the secret from her parents; the way in which the whole fabric of her love and reverence for Hubert had been broken up like a wreck, and tossed in dislocated fragments on the sea of her agitated thoughts. And it had been all a lie!

Perhaps there could be no surer proof of the strain of nobleness running through Charlotte Gaunt's nature, amidst confused masses of prejudice, pride, and error, than the fact that her first impulse on hearing Caroline's story had been to thank God for being able to believe once more in her brother's unblemished truth and honour. Amidst all the shadows, that was a steadfast and a guiding light, burning purely, and shedding peace. To be convinced of the goodness of one human soul is a beatific vision which has kept many weary feet from stumbling.

Amid all the shifting scenes of her past, and the figures which thronged them, there was one which Charlotte Gaunt could no more endure to contemplate than she could endure voluntarily to press her palm against red-hot iron; Rushmere!

She shrank from the mere remembered sound of his name in her memory. Every sensitive fibre of her cruelly-wounded pride quivered at it. But deep down in her consciousness was the resolve to speak the truth, and give the testimony demanded of her. Caroline's tone in speaking of the infant to which she had given birth awoke the suspicion that in this also she had been false, and that perhaps the child still lived. It was clear to her now that the writer of the letter addressed to herself believed that it still lived. If that were so—there were those who had a right to know what she could tell.

The letter which she wrote and despatched herself, before leaving town, contained these words:

"Until yesterday Lady Charlotte Gaunt believed that Caroline Graham's infant had died in its birth. She now has reason to doubt if that were so; but she is entirely ignorant of the truth. The name of the place where the child was born, is Cliburn Farm, in Cumberland. The name assumed by the mother—if she did assume a false name—Lady Charlotte Gaunt has never known."

This letter, received the same afternoon by Tomline, was by him at once communicated to Rushmere.

And in the evening there was a meeting between Rushmere and Zephany at the lodgings of the latter, when Rushmere, in a white heat of emotion, avowed himself convinced that Lucy Smith was his daughter.

"I had divined it," said Zephany quietly; and keeping his eyes fixed on the fire-grate as though fascinated by the pink-and-white paper-roses with which his landlady had garnished it. After a short silence he said, in the same studiously neutral voice, "The mother is living?"

"Yes," answered Rushmere, in a hard dry tone. It revolved him to connect Lucy's image in his mind with that of her mother.

"Because," pursued Zephany, "Mademoiselle Lucy is quite sure to inquire for her mother; allow me to assure you of it."

Rushmere looked at him in dismay. "I never thought of that," he exclaimed. "I do not wish her to know her mother. Her mother! Her mother was cruelly false, and heartless, and gave her up to strangers."

"Ah!" ejaculated Zephany, puffing a wreath of smoke from one of his eternal cigarettes. "But Mademoiselle Lucy will not like to hear those things said of her mother. And if she knows she is living, she will desire to see her. Accept my word for it."

Rushmere had begun to walk up and down the room in nervous excitement. He now stopped suddenly, and said,

"I will tell her her mother is dead then."

"And if the mother prefers to assert that she is alive?" suggested Zephany, still gazing at the paper roses.

"Then—then I will take my daughter away—out of her reach—out of England."

"And out of reach of post and telegraph? I wonder where you will go."

"But she will not want to claim her," said Rushmere, recovering himself. "She is married. It is not to her interest to take up the past."

Zephany shook his head dubiously.

"Women do not always act after their own interests—not men," said he.

The truth was that Zephany, being intimately convinced in his own mind that Lucy's mother was no other than Madame Leroux, had many misgivings as to how she would behave under the new circumstances that had arisen. That she was capable of disre-



garding all prudential considerations if once she were angered or defied, and of making a scandal which would be painful and injurious to all concerned, he did not doubt for a moment, and he felt keenly for Lucy in view of that possibility, but his tongue was tied. He could not mention Caroline Leroux's name to Rushmere. "What would you have me do, then?" exclaimed Rushmere, irritably. "What do you drive at? There's very little use in that sort of talk."

Zephany at once drew back, and answered with the peculiar dignity which he assumed at times, and which was so impressive, because so genuine.

"I say too much. Forgive me. The matter, truly, concerns me not, except through my friendship for Mademoiselle Lucy and for you. I am dumb."

Rushmere walked once or twice up and down the little room, and then seated himself close to Zephany, and said,

"I see you have a suggestion in your mind. What is it? I beg you as a favour to tell it me. Upon my soul there isn't another man I could speak to about it all as I can speak to you."

Zephany's suggestion was that before taking any steps to communicate with Lucy, Rushmere should write to Lucy's mother, and demand an interview at which they might come to an understanding as to the best course to pursue.

"It is of no use to plead with her," said Rushmere. "I believe she hates me, and would desire nothing better than to be able to torture me. Besides"—rising again, and resuming his restless moving about the room—"I would almost as soon be shot as cross her threshold again!"

"Ay," said Zephany, quietly; "but there is Mademoiselle Lucy; she is young, and has a sensitive spirit. You would gladly spare a wound to it, at the cost of such an effort as that."

"I will write," said Rushmere, decisively; "and thank you from my heart for being so tender of the innocent child. But—you'll see—nothing will come of it."

In this, however, he was wrong; something very unexpected came of it.

Rushmere passed the next day in a frenzy of impatience; but he knew it was scarcely to have been hoped that he should receive an answer within a few hours, although it was possible, had Caroline chosen to be prompt. But the next morning and afternoon went by, and she still maintained a blank silence. Rushmere went to Zephany's lodgings at the earliest moment at which he could hope to find him there; and, walking straight into the little sitting-room, said, at once—

"You see I was right. It is no use. She will not answer."

Zephany, without replying, put an envelope into his hands, and waited silently until Rushmere had examined its contents.

The first paper he opened was his own letter to Caroline; the next a note from her to Zephany:—

"Read the enclosed. I cannot see him. Etienne is dying. They sent for me in the middle of the night. He has rallied a little since, but it is the last flicker. If you come to Montondon's he will tell you whether it is possible for me to speak with you; and, if it is possible, I will. You know R. Tell him this, and tell him I can see him no more, nor read more of his letters. If I can bear to speak to any one, I can bear to speak to you. If he wishes to move me, let him keep away."

"CAROLINE GRAHAM LEROUX."

Rushmere, when he had finished reading, looked at Zephany. "Did you know who Lucy's mother was?" he asked, with a serious face.

"No; but I guessed it."

"And you did not say a word!"

"It was not for me to speak."

"Nor for me; but since she has chosen to break silence herself, I own that it is a relief to me to be able to confide in you thoroughly. Will you see her?"

"Assuredly, if I can."

"You will be a better advocate for Lucy than I could be."

"Much!" returned Zephany, emphatically, and without the least reserve.

After a silence, Rushmere said, "This Etienne is her husband, I suppose?"

Zephany nodded.

"Does she love him?"

"My friend," said Zephany, gravely, "King Solomon had a ring by virtue of which he could compel an answer from all geni of the earth and air. He was potent over the elemental spirits, and the devils trembled at his frown. But I do not believe that the wise King ever tried the subtlest of the geni with such a question as that. She is good to him. Women are often good to those who make them suffer."

There was another and a longer silence; then Rushmere said, "I should like, if you would listen, to tell you the whole story."

"I will listen," answered Zephany, lighting a fresh cigarette.

(To be continued)



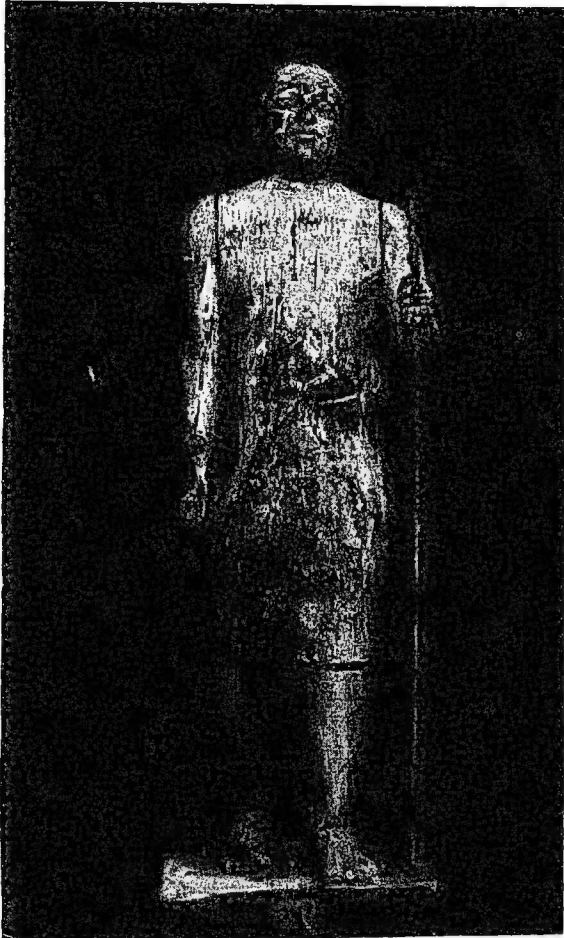
MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—One of the most original and interesting publications of the day is "Songs of the West"—traditional ballads and songs of the West of England, collected by S. Baring-Gould, M.A., and H. Fleetwood-Sheppard, M.A. In the admirably-prepared preface we are graphically told many curious particulars as to the manner in which the reverend enthusiasts procured their information. They took great trouble to seek out ancient singers, many of them quite illiterate, and tottering on the verge of the grave, and as they quavered forth the traditional ditties which had been passed on from generation to generation by word of mouth, these joint editors noted them down. "Tunes may be roughly classed by the instruments by which they were intended to be accompanied, or on which they were to be played. The earliest melodies were composed to the harp, the lute, and the fiddle. Then came the fiddle, and finally the hornpipe. All C. M. hornpipe tunes belong to the eighteenth century; the triple-time tunes are somewhat earlier. When minstrels were forbidden to journey from place to place by an Act of Parliament in 1597 they settled down in country places, married, and took to some trade, or became workers on the land, and supplemented their wages with what they could pick up at Whitsuntides, May games, sheep-shearings, harvest homes, Christmas feasts, wakes, and watchings. They handed on their stock-in-trade of old ballads and songs to their sons, and thus it came about that certain families were professional village musicians from generation to generation." An account of the songs, from whom taken down, &c., will be given with the fourth and last number of this unique collection, of which as yet only two numbers have been published. In Part I. we have twenty-five songs all more or less quaint and melodious: the words are sad and gay by turns. It is difficult to choose from this collection, but for encore songs which will bring down the house at a popular concert may be cited "Parson Hogg" (No. V.), "As Johnny Walked Out" (XI.), "The Saucy Sailor" (XXI.), "The Squire and the Fair Maid" (XXIII.), and "Hat-an-Tow,

the Helston Furry Dance" (XXIV.). In Part II., which brings us up to No. LII. of the collection, there is a mine of wealth in the way of revivals. We can cordially commend these two numbers to our readers in search of novelties.—Very good is "The Surge Waltz," composed by Andrew Long Muir.

MESSRS. B. MOCATTA AND CO.—The well-known and popular poem by Christina Rossetti, "When I am Dead, My Dearest," has been well set to music by C. A. Lee. A remarkably pretty duet for soprano and contralto is "Gentle Spring," words by "G. J.," music by H. Lane Wilson. By the same clever young composer is a charming setting of Mrs. Crawford's pleasing poem "A Mother's Vigil." A song which will score a sure success is "Drifting in Dreamland," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Isidore de Lara. There is sound sense and a good moral in "The Beat of the Drum," words by A. Chapman, music by E. Newton.

### THE GHIZEH PALACE MUSEUM, CAIRO

NOTWITHSTANDING the short span of its existence, the national Museum at Cairo, founded by the late Mariette Bey, hitherto known as the Boulak Museum, has managed to collect a more wonderful assortment of Egyptian antiquities, together with more numerous specimens of its ancient art, than can now be seen in any other part of the world. This Museum was established for the purpose of providing a place, in Egypt itself, where the treasures constantly being discovered could be exhibited, and which would also furnish an excuse for the Government interfering to prevent the wholesale exportation of the portable portion of its antiquities, a scandalous proceeding which was fast depriving Egypt of its priceless heirlooms. The unique collection thus created, having outgrown the capacity of the small and unsuitable building assigned it at Boulak, has, during the past winter, been moved to the Ghizeh Palace, a



THE SHEYK-EL-BELED  
Wooden Statue found at Memphis

building admirably adapted for the purpose, even if its modern French decorations are of a somewhat inharmonious character. This Palace is situated a short distance out of Cairo on the western bank of the Nile, and is one of the most costly of those gingerbread edifices built by the present Khédive's father and predecessor, Ismail Pasha, of palace-building fame. Here, within lofty galleries, in marble-pillared halls, and ornate reception-rooms, overlooking the Nile and the towering minarets of Cairo, visitors and students of Egyptology can now examine those thought-inspiring works of art and constantly-increasing records of Ancient Egypt which the explorations are bringing to light, or which result from the systematic tomb-rifling which is apparently an accomplishment inherited by the Arabs from their remote ancestry.

The first of our series of illustrations gives a view of the hall now devoted to the exhibition of some of those mummies of the Pharaohs and Royal personages which were rescued under such extraordinary circumstances by Brugsch Bey in 1881 from that mysterious hiding-place in the tomb-pierced cliffs at the back of the temple at Deir-el-Bahari, Thebes. Here, in glass cases exposed to view, are now to be seen the fine features of Sethi I., the Pharaoh who ordered the slaughter of the Hebrew first-born children, and whose daughter rescued the infant Moses. In the case adjoining, the attention is riveted by the face of Sethi's son, Ramases II. or the Great, the Pharaoh of the Jewish oppression, whose statues, cartouches, and bombastic *bas-reliefs* modern travellers up the Nile still find scattered about all over Upper Egypt. There are numerous other unrolled mummies reposing in these cases, including that of Thotmes III., the obelisk builder, and as they are all still in a most wonderful state of preservation, this room has an enthralling fascination for every class of visitor attracted to the museum. The next room shown is a handsomely-proportioned one where the various images and divinities peculiar to the mysterious mythology of primitive Egypt can be studied.

Another scene is of the court in which the active work of moving is still taking place. The art of the ancient world is admirably exemplified by the figures carved out of calcareous limestone, representing Prince Rahotep and his wife Nefert, which were found in a tomb near the so-called false Pyramid of Maydon, and are now in the first room. These statues, the most conspicuous objects in the museum, are said to belong to the Fourth or Fifth Dynasty, and are without doubt the oldest portrait statues in the world. If are faithful likenesses the Prince and his wife must have been very genial and pleasant personages. The other statues selected for

illustration are assuredly worthy of classification among the wonders of the world. The granite one occupies a commanding position in a large marble pillared hall devoted to relics of the "ancient empire." It was found in one of the chambers of the sand-buried syenite temple of the Sphinx, and represents Chephren, the builder of the Second Pyramid at Ghizeh. This statue, which is certainly not less than six thousand years old, displays in its general treatment, in the freedom from that conventionality peculiar to a later period, as in the moulding of the limbs and body, and in the majestic repose which characterises the expression, the highest pinnacle which Egyptian Art ever attained. No less amazing in its way is the wooden statue found at Memphis, now called the Sheyk-el-Beled, or village sheyk, because of some fancied resemblance the people at Sakarah discovered between it and their present sheyk. The date of this carving is unknown, but it is as old as, if not older than, the Pyramids. It tells a tale both in the man represented and in the art knowledge exemplified of a high civilisation existing anterior to the period at which history begins; of this civilisation the world does not possess any records but those specimens of handiwork resulting from its teaching which are now to be found in the Ghizeh Palace Museum.

J. F. N.



THE SEASON has not yet acquired the warmth which is desirable, but there can be little doubt as to the beneficial character of the recent rains. It has been the want of sunshine between the rain and the absence of anything like a genial night temperature, which has caused the present backwardness in corn and hay and fruit. In May there was an unusually large number of hours of sunshine. At Eastbourne 266 hours were recorded, which is 45 hours over the average even for that sunny spot. In London 223 hours of sunshine were registered, 43 hours less than out of town, but still 41 hours better than the London average for May. In 1882 there were 237 sunshiny May hours, but from 1883 to 1889 inclusive the total was less than in May of this year. Sunshine, however, is not quite the same thing as heat; only a few days as yet have been really hot, even at midday. The need of the season now is a night and day temperature about 5 degrees above the recent records. Of these requirements a rise in the night temperature is probably the most important.

WHEAT is of a fine healthy colour, but there is still only a small proportion of fields in ear, and the season must be reckoned nearly, if not quite, three weeks late. Barley is of specially fine promise, and has grown regularly and well from the very start. Oats at the end of May were palpably going off colour, but there has been a great improvement during the past fortnight. The growth of weeds unfortunately has been very rapid. Potatoes are well forward, and show very regularly along the drills. Owing to the wretchedly low price made ever since Christmas, the area planted is generally believed to be smaller than last year. Early turnips are braiding regularly, and there has as yet been no appearance of that terrible enemy to this crop known as "the fly." Hay-making is in irregular progress. The yield is not expected to be so large as last year, but an average will probably be attained, and in some few districts exceeded.

THE DAIRY CONFERENCE.—This annual gathering has just taken place, the counties visited for 1890 being Durham and York. The proceedings opened at Ripon, when Colonel Kearsley welcomed the Conference on behalf of the Ripon Agricultural Association, and the general fitness of things was helped by a dinner, at which the Marquis of Ripon presided. The two chief papers read during the Conference were by Mr. M. T. Marton on the Yorkshire dairy cow, and by Mr. Firbank on the "Conditions and Wants of North-Country Dairying." A number of dairy farms were visited, and the annual "outing" of the Dairy Farmers' Association for 1890 passed with all possible success. The weather was not perfect, but they who postpone their excursions until an English summer becomes settled will probably find their summer holiday taking place in the autumn.

CUTTING HAY.—However much the æsthetic may lament the replacement of the noble sweep of the scythe by the irritating click and rattle of the mowing-machine, the farmer, in an age when labour is becoming more and more expensive, will welcome the mechanical adjunct even in cases of small holdings, where hitherto Time's typical weapon has held undisputed sway. This being so, it will be well to mind the cautions of the *Farming World*, pointing out that to have the knives of the machine well sharpened is half the battle, and should be seen to by the farmer himself. "Half worn knives are particularly unsatisfactory where the crop contains a large quantity of soft grass in the bottom. Wherever cutting has begun see that the cutter bar is as nearly level as possible. In many cases the outside end is by far the closest; in fact, so close that the knives are often considerably damaged, while the inside end is so high that far too much of the crop is left on the ground." Moderately close cutting of ordinary hay is best, while rye-grass and clover should have a little more left standing. If these two crops are cut very close it is a long time before they recommence growth.

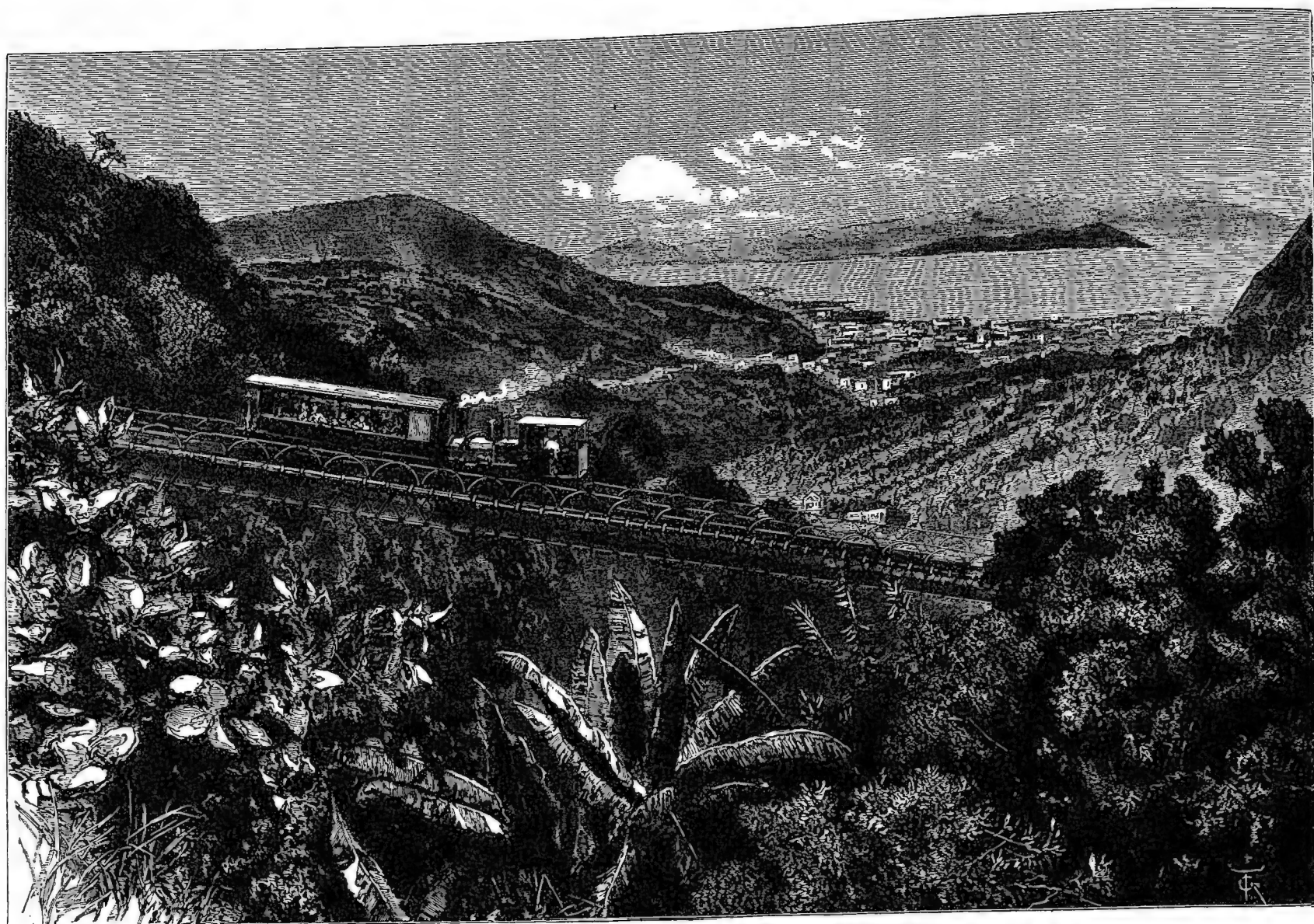
SCOTLAND may well pride itself on all the annual examinations of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The "senior wrangler" in the area of agricultural studies is, indeed, an Englishman, and so is No. 2 on the list. But the other four Honours men all Scots—two coming from Midlothian, one from Sanquhar, and one from Kilmarnock. The names of the six prizemen, in order of merit, are, F. R. Armytage, R. W. Haydon, Harry Crabtree, A. H. Inman, J. J. Jeffray, and Richard Henderson.

FRUIT.—We are sorry to hear that the orchards promise no great yield of any sort of fruit. Apples will on their present promise be about an average south of the Bristol Channel, but to the north thereof they are likely to be not much over two-thirds of a crop. Pears are so deficient that genuine English samples are likely to be a rarity, and even French pears will be dear. Cherries are variable, but mostly poor, and there is little hope of even a moderate yield of plums and damsons, apricots and peaches, green-gages and nectarines. Bush fruit, however, should be a fair good yield, and strawberries are fairly satisfactory, though this crop is within the making or marring of the next fortnight.

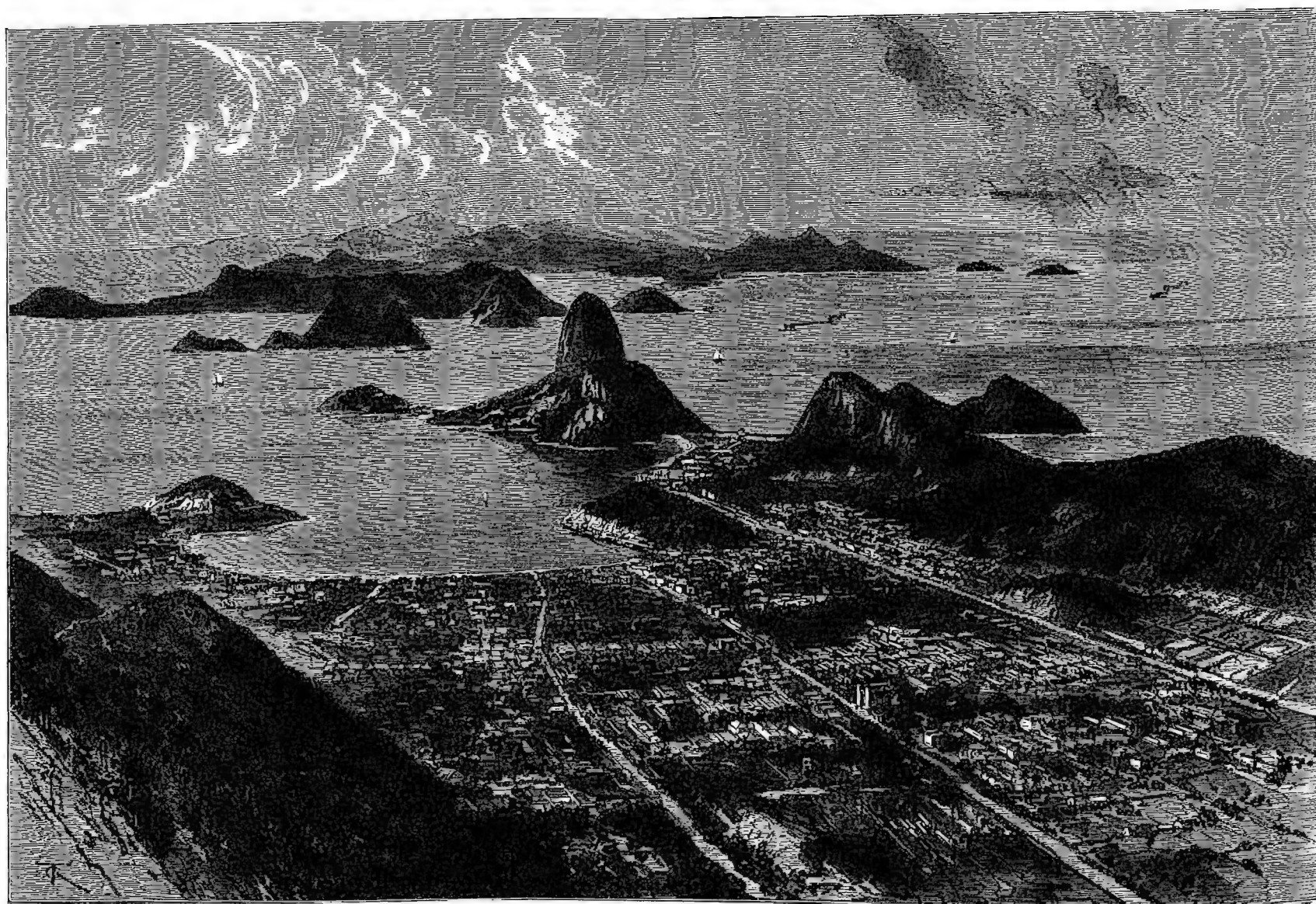
THE ESSEX SHOW commanded a very large attendance on the opening day, when the Prince of Wales and the Secretary of State for Agriculture were present. The latter, speaking at the luncheon, said that he believed most of his hearers were Protectionists, but that was a subject upon which he was muzzled. The two last days of the Show were spoilt by rain, which converted a clayey show-yard into a perfect quagmire.

THE POPE hopes to keep his Episcopal Jubilee in 1893, and is planning to celebrate the occasion by another grand Exhibition at the Vatican. His Holiness is in excellent health and spirits, and for a little change is going to take up his quarters in the tiny "Pavilion of Pius IX." in the Vatican gardens.



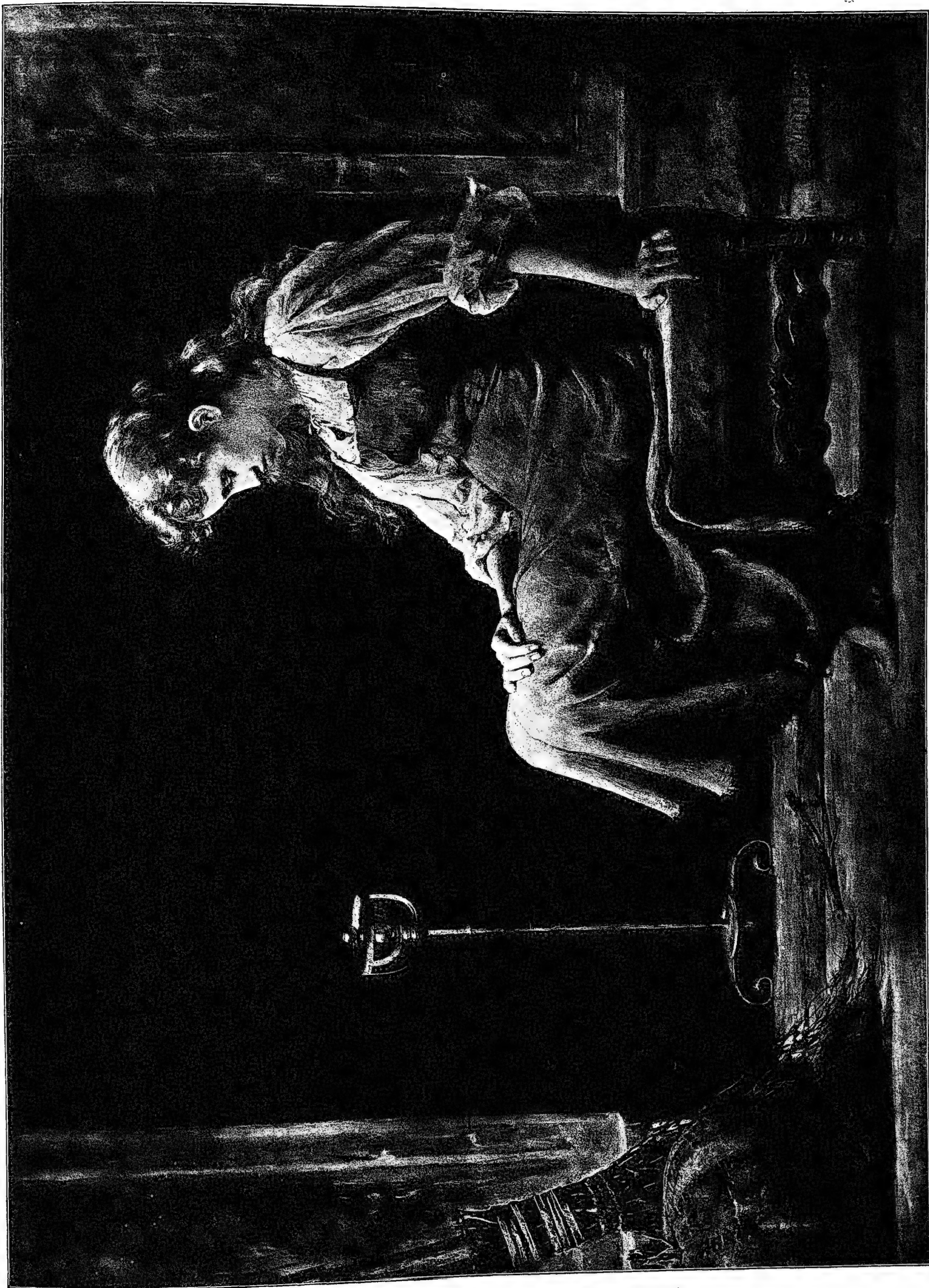


RAILWAY TO THE SUMMIT OF CORCOVADO : CITY AND HARBOUR OF RIO IN THE DISTANCE



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF CORCOVADO, SHOWING THE SUBURB OF BOTAFOGO, ENTRANCE OF THE HARBOUR, AND THE SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN  
VIEWS IN RIO DE JANEIRO, SOUTH AMERICA





"CINDERELLA"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY G. MANTON

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY





"TOIL, TRAVEL, AND DISCOVERY IN BRITISH NEW GUINEA," by Theodore F. Bevan, F.R.G.S. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited). If there are no new continents to discover, there are at least the interiors of continents and island continents which offer fine opportunities for the superabundant energies of explorers. Perhaps Mr. Bevan is a little unfortunate in coming before the public with his book at a time when all men's minds are full of Mr. Stanley and his band of heroes, but the explorer of the shores of the Papuan Gulf has claims which must not lightly be passed over. In 1793, New Guinea was annexed by the H.E.I.C., and in 1873 Captain Moresby took possession of South-east New Guinea, but, on both occasions the Government disapproved of the action of their subordinates. However, in 1883, a bolder man arose. Sir T. M'Ilwraith annexed South-east New Guinea, much to Lord Derby's disgust, but his action was not endorsed until the following year, when the abortive protectorate was proclaimed by Captain Erskine. In that year Mr. Bevan, then a young man of twenty-four, made his first expedition to New Guinea, and again in 1885 he went to Port Moresby, with a special permit from Sir Peter Scratchley to trade and explore. At that time the massacres which were exciting all Australia were taking place in New Guinea, and, in addition to the dangers he underwent by sea and land, Mr. Bevan was much hampered by the action of the local authorities, and at last, in 1886, he got back to Queensland almost broken down. As is natural in a trader and explorer, Mr. Bevan is very severe on the protectorate authorities, and especially upon the London Missionary Society's representatives, and his strictures are all the more forcible because he refrains from hysterics and states his case in a straightforward and moderate manner. By the end of 1886, the continued massacres of unoffending white men had caused such indignation in Australia that the authorities were obliged to rouse themselves. The natives had come to look upon a white man's skull as a proof of superior valour, and openly boasted that foreigners might be murdered with impunity, as no punishment was ever exacted for the crime. However, when a small native force, led by an experienced trader, began to hunt down the murderers, the coast became comparatively safe, and harmless traders were no longer knocked on the head for the sake of their tobacco and skulls. About the same time Mr. Robert Philp, a wealthy merchant of Sydney, offered Mr. Bevan the free use of the steam launch *Victory*, for six weeks' exploration in any part of New Guinea. This was the young explorer's opportunity, and he made the most of it; in 1887 he discovered two new river systems, the Philp River and the Queen's Jubilee River, in the limited time allowed him. In the November of the same year he started once more in the launch *Mabel* for the Papuan Gulf, and, in addition to verifying and testing his former discoveries, he explored new river systems, and penetrated a good deal further into the interior of New Guinea than before. On September 4th, 1888, the sovereignty was proclaimed over the south-eastern portion of New Guinea, and Mr. Bevan thinks that at last the country will have a fair chance. In the hands of capable settlers he believes New Guinea to have a great future before it; and, as an earnest of his opinion, he has applied for a grant of land from the Government. Mr. Bevan has done a good piece of work in New Guinea, and one with which his name will always be associated. His strictures will probably provoke a rejoinder. It is to be hoped that the reply will be as moderate in tone as the attack.

"The Queen's Sword of Honour to the King of Sion," by F. H. Smith, R.N. (T. Fisher Unwin). In December, 1885, Mr. Smith, who had already formed part of Admiral Hewitt's Mission, was selected, by Lord Salisbury to carry a letter and a sword of honour from the Queen to King John of Abyssinia. The journey from Massowah to the shores of Lake Ashanjo, where the King was then encamped, was accomplished in 1886, and the objects of the Mission were successfully carried out. Mr. Smith met with no parous adventures on his way, only undergoing the ordinary discomforts met with by travellers in such wild lands as Abyssinia; but his journey is described in a fresh and pleasant manner, and his remarks on the customs of that curious land are now and then very interesting. King John received Her Majesty's sword with due honour, and presented the envoy with the robes and accoutrements of an Abyssinian Chief of the Order of Solomon. A portrait of the author in full panoply makes an excellent frontispiece, and the book has some very good illustrations of scenes and objects of interest in Abyssinia. The portrait of King John shows us a keen, intelligent-looking man, with high cheek-bones, scanty beard, and quaintly-braided hair. That Lord Napier of Magdala chose well when he placed Johannis on the uneasy throne of the Negoosa Negust is shown by the fact that King John has held his own for twenty-two years against all comers, and that his supremacy, bravery, and success as a conqueror and ruler have been undisputed except by Menelek, King of Shoa. Though he has added nothing of importance to geographical knowledge, yet Mr. Smith has written a pleasant book of travel in a country that is not yet overrun with globe-trotters, and it is not given to every man to do even that much now-a-days.

"From Handel to Hallé." By Louis Engel. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). This is a volume of biographical sketches of great musicians and vocalists, all of whom are well known and appreciated by English audiences and students. It is pleasantly written, and with much knowledge of the subjects. But the papers to which the reader will turn with the greatest interest are the biographies of Professor Huxley and Hubert Herkomer, who are apparently included in the book because their names begin with "H." Professor Huxley is usually spoken of with bated breath as the inventor of the word "agnostic," and all that the word implies, and therefore the dozen pages into which he has compressed the story of his life are of value in that they show that he did not spring ready-armed with inexorable logic from the brain of some Jupiter, but began life in commonplace fashion as an ordinary baby. Professor Herkomer's autobiography is much longer, as it covers nearly one hundred pages, but no one who begins it will lay it down until he has read the last word. It is a story, told in simple and unpretentious fashion, of difficulties overcome, and obstacles surmounted, and the many admirers of Mr. Herkomer's genius will admire no less the pluck and determination with which he set himself to conquer the position he holds in the world of Art. Mr. Justice Day has appointed a receiver to take the author's share of the profits of this book on behalf of the plaintiff in a recent case, and it is said that the publishers have also most generously offered

to hand over a portion of their own profits for the same purpose. But the book is well worth reading on its own merits.

### THE COSWAY MINIATURES

NOT the least interesting feature of the Joseph sale recently held at Christie's was the disposal of the famous collection of miniatures by Richard Cosway and his contemporaries. This collection was exhibited at the "Old Masters' in 1879, at the Brussels Exhibition in 1888, and last year at the Burlington Fine Arts Club; while the Queen and the Prince of Wales had also inspected it "by command." It was by no means unknown, therefore, to connoisseurs; but, nevertheless, much interest was excited by its appearance in but, nevertheless, much interest was excited by its appearance in the sale-room. Cosway, who was born in 1740, and died in 1821, started in life as an errand-boy; but by the help of his talent and a keen eye to his own advantage, together with a certain mysterious vein about him, which proved decidedly attractive, managed to gain for himself a leading position in the world of Art. The fashion for miniatures was to a large extent due to his initiation, for though he painted many large pictures, it was in miniatures that he showed his strength. His was the art to flatter, without seeming to flatter; and the accuracy of his drawing, and the delicacy of his colouring, gained him hosts of patrons among the highest and the greatest in the land. Hence comes the chief interest of the miniatures to modern eyes—not their delicacy of execution, but the fact that nearly all of them preserve to us the features of those whose



PORTRAIT OF A LADY UNKNOWN



MRS. COSWAY

names the annals of the time have handed down to us. Unfortunately, many of them are unidentified. The collection is not to be separated. It was purchased by Mr. F. H. Woodroffe for 9,360l.

### BOILING THE PEAS

I AM convinced that more than half the misery of life is due to the manner in which we aggravate its little troubles. We are not satisfied to wait until they come upon us in their natural sequence, but go out of our way to meet them—even to invite them. The great afflictions, the crushing calamities of life, we are in no hurry to anticipate—we can bide our time for them. We can possess our souls in patience until the tragic moment comes when our mother-in-law abandons us, or our last speculation lands us in a hole, or our new novel is cut up by unsympathetic critics, or our daughter falls in love with the son of "hated Montagu." So the happy vine-growers watch their grapes ripening on the slopes of Vesuvius. The eruption may take place some day—with the ashes and vapour, and lava-flood, and all the rest of it; but meanwhile!

The late Dr. Cumming once announced the end of the world as destined to come in a dozen years or so; and then took a house on a long lease, and ate and drank, like the sensible man which at bottom he really was. The Day of Judgment was not so immediate a trouble as an unsatisfied appetite. These petty vexations, which are so close to us, appear so large and threatening; and then, too, we make the most of them. We turn them over and over, and roll them round and round, and do our best to convince ourselves of their alarming proportions.

In Dr. Wolcott's apologue, the pilgrim strides airily along the road to Loretto—with peas in his shoes. But, then, they are boiled; whereas his companion limps and totters, with sore and bleeding feet, because the peas in his shoes are hard, inflexible, unaccommodating, as Nature made them. Here we have the philosophy of life in a nutshell: the difference between wisdom and folly lies in the alternative of boiling your peas or taking them raw. One man staggers in at the journey's end, weary, exhausted, and covered with wounds; another arrives there with head erect and heart elate—he has *boiled his peas*. He has taken wisely the smaller woes which the hand of Fortune scatters broadcast; while the other has absorbed them, as it were, into his inner consciousness—hard, inflexible, unaccommodating.

It is a strange vanity which induces not a few of us to get huffed at a little trouble, and make it a pedestal on which we may rise superior to our fellows. If Jones can't write a poem like Swinburne, or paint like Millais, or handle the willow like Grace, he can, at all events, have his petty grievance, and pride himself on the possession of it. There is a certain astuteness in this line of conduct, no doubt. When a man's nose is not aquiline, he does well, perhaps, to boast of its being the snubbiest of snubs! At all events, there is Jones with his shoe full (as he avers) of the hardest of peas. On this trouble he plants his foot, like that forward young Norval on the Grampian Hills; it is his private property—his own freehold, if you will—of which nobody can deprive him. Brown, of course, will have his troubles; Robinson also will vouch for his personal and particular assortment; but they are not like Jones's—no, in his heart he cherishes the sweet conviction that in this one respect he towers above all the sons of man. He calls on the wife of his bosom to wonder at it; he exhibits it with pride to his children; he button-holes his friends and pours into their ears his sorry exultation. He struts down the street with a loftier gait when he reflects how, notably he is distinguished from and above his fellows. The poor creature will go on admiring it to the last; will stick to it like an African chief to his second-hand cocked-hat—his emblem of sovereignty. Not for the world would he boil his peas! Why, bless you, it is in this tribulation of his that he finds his pride!

But Jones's glorification of his grievance is very hard for his neighbours to bear. While it coaxes his vanity and soothes his self-love, it is apt, you see, to sour his temper. Besides, a man with a hobby is prone to ride it in all places and seasons, bruising our shins or treading upon our corns. And what matters Jones's little trouble to you or me? What is Hecuba to us, who know that we are nothing to Hecuba? Why does he not hide his miserable skeleton in his own closet? Why, if he have refused or forgotten to boil his peas, why will he insist on his owing us the sores on his pedal extremities? We have our own little troubles to learn: why should we be expected to bear Jones's also? And oh! such a paltry one as his is—such a microscopic wound, not to be seen by the naked eye (except his own). I once knew an actor, and a very bad actor too (it was in the old days, of course; there are no bad actors now!), let us call him Daggerword, who put forward some unboiled peas of his with offensive pertinacity. He had once been selected—Heaven knows why!—to understudy a part played by the brilliant Fitz-Altamont. It happened on a certain Saturday night that the brilliant Fitz-A. fell sick, and notice was given to Daggerword to be ready for Monday evening. There was a chance to witch the world with his elation! But, alas! on Monday, as he was corking his eyebrows, in came Fitz-A., objectionably well again! This was Daggerword's little trouble; and oh! how he pined about it—to me, yes, to me—whose noble epic (in twelve books) had been "declined with thanks" by purblind and incompetent publishers. *O mors et hominum!* How pitiful it is when a man's selfishness thus masters his common sense and obscures his judgment!

I am often astonished at the ingenuity with which men not only magnify, but multiply, their little troubles—forcing their way through bramble-bushes in order to tear their fingers with thorns, plunging into nettles so that they may complain of the stings, wandering hither and thither in search of pricks against which to kick their feet. Ignoring the sweet felicity of life, they dwell upon its infinitesimal trials, its minute anxieties, and revel in lamentations to which Jeremiah's are a trifle. The man who sets out on such a quest is sure to be successful; a cantankerous temper, a fastidious sensibility, an acute vanity (and a liver out of order) will start a covey of troubles as readily as a gold pointer flushes a covey of partridges. I have heard Simpson at his dinner-table grumble through "three courses and a dessert." The soup, the fish, the *entrées*, the sauces, the sweets, the wines—everything furnished him with a new subject of deprecation (and imprecation). Timonides, with the hair-suspended sword over his head, was a happier wight than this respectable British fellow, who persisted in hanging up a dozen sharp blades with his own hand. And yet he looked round on his uneasy guests as if he deserved their sympathy. "Come and the fellow!" one of them, at least, muttered to himself, "why doesn't he boil his peas?"

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that we should learn to bear life's little troubles with an even mind. What a sorry figure cuts Napoleon at St. Helena, fretting and fuming because he is not addressed as "Votre Majesté!" And is there not something very small in the wrath of Frederick the Great when his bad verses and worse flute-playing are criticised? But it may be that we succumb to our little troubles because they are so little. I do not mean that as a paradox. When our house is in flames we have no time for selfish considerations, we must rally all our energies to cope with so great a disaster. Carlyle, when the manuscript of his "History of



### DO LITERARY MEN LIKE MUSIC?

Johnson's relations towards music are well known. He played very well on the flute, which he would take up, it is said, to himself after his temper had been disturbed. He was also a good singer of Irish songs, his renderings exhibiting much of peculiar humour of his country. Samuel Rogers showed his interest in music in rather a curious manner. When he dined at home alone "it was his custom to have an Italian organ-grinder sitting in the hall, the organ being set to the ' Sicilian Mariners' and other popular tunes of the South." Byron had no ear for the Rossetti found the art "cool unto the sense of pain." Sir George Scott also lacked the musical ear, but, like Johnson, he enjoyed the sound of the pipe. In his autobiography he tells us his mother was anxious he "should at least learn psalmody, the incurable defects of my voice and ear drove my teacher to despair." Classical music he would have none of. "My little sister," he says, "gave us some pretty music. I do not know cannot utter a note of music, and complicated harmonies to me a battle of confused, though pleasing sounds." Burns was not only a music lover, but a very fair performer on the violin. Many of his best songs were written for already-existing tunes, and these tunes he would play over and over again, or have

SIR GEORGE BURNS.

SIR GEORGE BURNS  
Born Dec. 10, 1795. Died June 2, 1890.

MacIver, of Liverpool, founded the corporation which has since, under the title of the Cunard Company, done so much to improve and accelerate Atlantic travelling. Mr. George Burns managed the Glasgow branch of the business. About thirty years ago he retired from the active management of its affairs, though his interest in it remained as keen as ever. His work was then taken up by his eldest son, Mr. John Burns, who now succeeds him in the baronetcy, to which he was only raised last year.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Fergus, Blackdales, Largs.

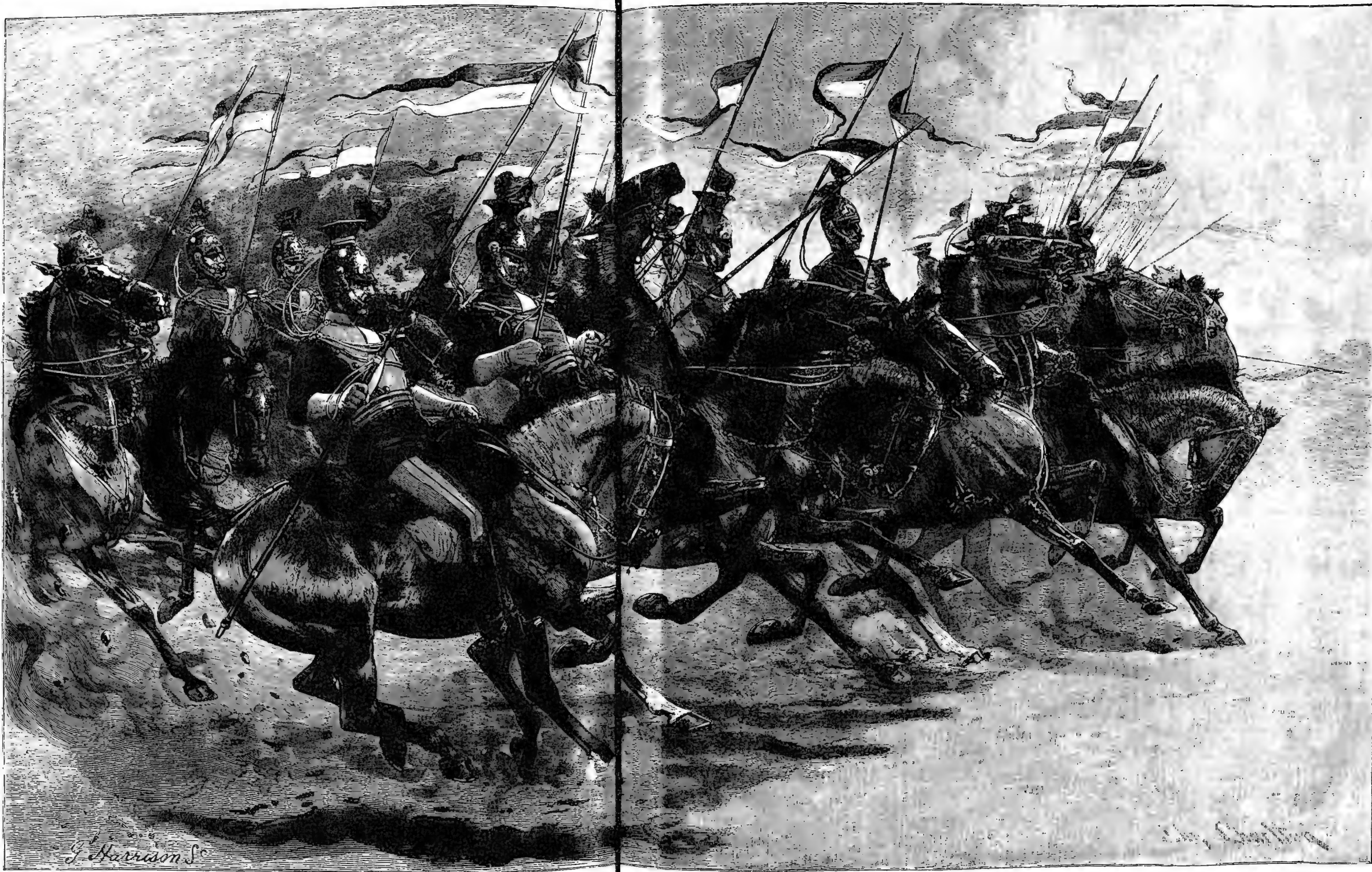
## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

Look seaward! ridge on ridge of foaming brine  
And sky-tost fringe of spray,  
Till on the wet sand's brink the billows line  
And surges boom away;  
Nor less to ceaseless water's thun'rous fall,  
And nodding plumes' array,  
Rises in fierce response the wild wind's call  
Amid the clouds at play.

Granite, too, is far more enduring than wood. A set of granite blocks of the best quality (and this has been found to be the granite which comes from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen) will withstand the heaviest London traffic for fully fifteen years. At the end of this time the blocks may be relaid in a less important thoroughfare, where they will do good service for another twenty years or so ; and even after thirty-five years of hard wear their career of usefulness is not at an end, for they can be broken up and employed as macadam. The traffic of thirty-five years will reduce the depth of a granite-block from nine to five inches. This form of street-pavement is the most expensive of the three we have dealt with. It costs on the average about sixteen shillings a square yard, but then it requires less looking after once it is down than either of the others. But in spite of the fact that its rivals are more enduring, wood pavement is undoubtedly the most suitable for London. Its comparative safety, noiselessness, and softness are advantages which cannot be gained.

ARTHUR SOMERSET





"HALT!"—CHARGE OF LANCERS AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT  
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON





THE terms of the proposed agreement with England on East African affairs are an undoubted surprise to GERMANY. The prospect of regaining Heligoland seemed so far distant that the general public never dreamt of the island being ceded in return for African possessions. The Germans have long complained that a British station commanding the mouth of the Elbe might be a serious embarrassment in the event of war, so that popular opinion is safe to favour the possession of a valuable post near home rather than colonial lands of more dubious interest. For the last few days "inspired" Notes in the Press had prepared the public mind for concessions. Thus, the *North German Gazette* remarked that "it would be a decided political blunder on our part to attach so little value to our good relations with England as not to show readiness to secure them at the price of certain concessions in Africa." Such concessions, added the Note, are necessary to settle the disputed points which might produce estrangement between the two nations. These arguments differed widely from the "No surrender" cry which prevailed hitherto, and which, indeed, was still raised by the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, of Bismarckian inspiration, with its warning that the coming agreement "will be one of the most fatal mistakes ever made in our colonial policy." Only the heads of the agreement are intimated at present, the details being left for future arrangement. The suggested cession of Heligoland is subject to the approval of the British Parliament, but the claims in Africa are virtually decided. Germany has much reduced her demands, but she obtains the coveted *Hinterland* on the south-west of the Victoria Nyanza so far as the Congo boundary, England commanding a free right of way for commercial purposes. On her side England has full influence in Uganda—where, by the way, Mwanga has quite reconquered his throne—and southwards to Kavirondo, besides controlling the Stevenson road and the district westwards to the Congo frontier. Thus, on the North, England has a free hand right away to the Sudan, for Germany cedes Witu-land, with its coast-line of 200 miles, and accepts the English Protectorate of Zanzibar. Southwards England commands the whole of Nyassaland, and keeps Germany from too close connection with the South African Republics. Nevertheless, on the South-West, Germany extends her boundaries in Togo-land and Ngami-land, and obtains a nearer access to the Upper Zambesi. The command of the other end of the river seems likely to be hotly contested by PORTUGAL, judging by the alarmist reports from Mozambique of troops being sent up country to repel a pretended British invasion. Quilimane is in a most excited condition, planning anti-English measures, and even boycotting the British Consul on the accusation of shooting two Sepoys. The news has revived the agitation at Lisbon, a heated debate being raised in the Chamber. To return to GERMANY, the Military Committee of the Reichstag have passed the Army Bill by a majority of four, and, however distasteful the measure may be to the Deputies, patriotic feeling is pretty safe to ensure its definite success in Parliament. Dr. Windthorst's resolution urging the Government to reduce the term of service has also been adopted. The Emperor leaves next Tuesday for a few days' stay at Kiel before going to Norway, his departure for England being fixed for July 25th.

The approach of the holiday season affects FRANCE, for Parliament plods on steadily with no enlivening scenes, anxious to finish its work and get away. Recent discussions have been of little outside interest save those on the proposed tax on foreign workmen—disapproved by the Government—and on the Bill reorganising the Military Staff, when M. de Freycinet stated with pride that the French Military Budget was one of the most economical in the world, for the cost of the army diminished regularly in comparison with the number of men. Commercial subjects are most prominent, the Superior Council of Commerce being engaged on plans for fresh arrangements when the various treaties expire at the end of next year. Only one of the six Chambers of Commerce condemns denouncing the Treaties, while a considerable majority pronounce against any fresh Conventions, the Protectionist party being in the ascendant. Much attention has been paid to the accounts of the Royalist meeting at Sheen House, where the Comte de Paris lauded the Duc d'Orléans' conduct, thus contradicting the rumour that father and son were rivals for the chieftainship of the party. Regarding politics, too, a mild electoral struggle is going on at St. Dié, in the Vosges, where an Opportunist, General Tricoche, has come forward in the stead of M. Jules Ferry, who will not risk a second defeat in his former stronghold. The new candidate created a sensation by his plain language about Alsace, which he hoped would yet be restored by pacific means. PARIS has been very gay for the Grand Prix, where FitzRoy's victory was unexpected; and now fashionable circles will hurry out of town, leaving the capital to the lower ten, who, in the shape of the Anarchists, have been causing some disturbances. To express their sympathy with the supposed Russian Nihilists lately arrested, the Paris Anarchists held so riotous a meeting that the police had to interfere, causing a free fight. Another band attacked the office of a Socialist journal, the *Egalité*, which had dared to criticise their doings, wrecked the office and ill-treated two of the staff, with serious result. Devoted to sensational murders, the Parisians are looking forward to the trial of Eyraud, the assassin of M. Gouffé, who is on his way from Havana.

SPAIN is alarmed by a choleraic outbreak in the Province of Valencia. Last month new drainage operations were begun at Puebla-de-Rugat, a remote village, which was already in a bad sanitary state, and situated in a swampy, unhealthy locality. Owing to the necessary precautions for disinfection being neglected, many persons fell ill, and showed choleraic symptoms, so that most of the inhabitants fled, spreading infection to other villages, notably Albaida and Montechelva. The local authorities concealed the outbreak till the Mayor himself deserted the village after appealing to the Prefect of Valencia for help. Between May 13th and Sunday last, 120 persons were attacked at Rugat, with 52 deaths, while fresh cases occur daily. The Madrid Government have acknowledged the disease to be sporadic cholera, not Asiatic, and have sent medical experts to the spot for investigation, besides organising strict sanitary measures. Thus a cordon of troops surrounds the infected district in the hopes of localising the disease. Madrid however is very anxious, especially as cases are reported from the town of Valencia. Accordingly the Madrid Board of Health prepare temporary hospitals, and impose preventive regulations, following the example of the Russians in the Transcaspian Provinces, who consider a cholera epidemic inevitable in the present heat, and are working hard to bring the chief towns, such as Merv and Askabad, into better sanitary conditions.

The large demands for war expenses have thoroughly upset AUSTRIA. When speaking before the Austro-Hungarian Delegations the War Minister is reported to have said that he could hold out no hope of diminution in the military estimates, for Austria must keep pace with the armaments of other countries. He believed that the present state of affairs could not last long, but must lead either to a catastrophe, or to the definitive settlement of peace under healthier conditions—a hint at disarmament. Mean-

while the peace-footing of the Army must be increased, and the funds required, for the first cost alone, might probably amount to 120 million of florins. This last statement having aroused a perfect storm, the Minister has declared that his remarks were misunderstood; still it is more generally believed that the report was correct, but was intended solely as a confidential communication to the Delegation, not for the public ear. German influence is connected with the proposed changes, according to the popular view. Meanwhile, the dispute with SERBIA continues, the little kingdom being deeply aggrieved both at the tone of Count Kalnoky's speech and the prohibition to import swine into Austria-Hungary—a most serious loss to Servian trade. The Servians threaten Customs reprisals, but the action of Austria has dealt a further blow to the Radical Cabinet, already much shaken. The Servian Treasury is empty, King Milan continues a thorn in the Government side by determining to remain at Belgrade, the Progressists are regaining strength, and the situation is most strained. BULGARIA has also been troubled by Cabinet changes, the Foreign and Finance Ministers having resigned through personal disputes. M. Stam-bouloff now takes the Foreign Portfolio. Major Panitzka and his companions have appealed against their sentences, while Dr. Mirkoff, the Head Army Surgeon, has been arrested for complicity in the plot.

Judicial reform is being studied in INDIA. For some years an inquiry has been proceeding, and suggestions will now be put forward for important alterations in the administration of the criminal law. Experience shows that the jury system does not work well with the natives, and that the native magistrates are weak, while the police are equally unsatisfactory. Military police, however, work far better, so that 200 Punjabis are being recruited for service in East Africa. The Government being settled at Simla for the hot season, the Session of the Legislative Council opens this week. To improve communication with the station, the Government offer a subsidy for the construction of a railway from Simla to Kalkee. Speaking of railways, the proposed line from Mandalay to the Salween River to tap the Yunnan trade has been surveyed, and the route recommended would run over an old caravan route through the territory of the Thebaw Tsawbwa, with a length of 300 miles.

The Silver Question has continued the prominent topic in the UNITED STATES. After making several amendments in Committee, the Senate took up the Bill passed by the House of Representatives in the stead of the Jones Bill, which the Senators have been considering lately, and accepted the measure after two days' debate. The bullion redemption clause was struck out, and the bill has now been referred to a Conference Committee. Otherwise American affairs are very quiet, and politicians are looking forward to their holidays, though the bad weather delays the exodus from town. Heavy rainstorms and floods continue, many houses at Hull Creek, near Maysville, Kentucky, being washed away, and a goods' train thrown into the water. A worse disaster affects Dunbar, Pennsylvania, where an explosion at the Hill Farm Mine imprisoned fifty-two men, of whom thirty-four perished.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The renewed activity of the Nihilists has much alarmed Imperial circles in RUSSIA. The Court suddenly removed from Gatchina to Peterhof, and the police are extra active. —State insurance against accidents and illness is to be organised in SWITZERLAND.—Mr. Justice Scott has concluded his inspection of the tribunals in Lower EGYPT, and reports that though they work well they do not bring justice within the reach of the masses, as the fellaheen cannot afford to travel to distant Courts. He proposes that the judges should go on circuit to the smaller towns to try minor cases.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Matabeles are quiet, contrary to report, so that the construction of the telegraph line can be carried on right up to Lobengula's kraal.—In NEWFOUNDLAND the Captain of H.M.S. *Emerald* recently ordered twenty-six British lobster factories to stop work in accordance with the *modus vivendi*, and though a few obeyed for a time, all the establishments are again at work. Moreover, at Lascie, the inhabitants destroyed all the French fishing-gear.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice arrive at Windsor to-day (Saturday), having hastened their return to welcome home the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Her Majesty spent the last days of her stay at Balmoral especially quietly, being much affected by the loss of Lady Ely, who had been the Queen's faithful friend and confidant for so many years. Her Majesty deputed Princesses Christian and Louise to represent her at the funeral, and sent some splendid wreaths, while a short service was held before the Royal party at Balmoral at the same time as the funeral. Dr. Cameron Lees was the only visitor received at Balmoral, and on Sunday officiated at Divine Service before the Queen and Princess. Drives to Braemar and Mar Lodge were taken by Her Majesty and her daughter, who were to leave yesterday (Friday) afternoon by special train for the South.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters attended the State Concert at Buckingham Palace at the end of last week, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince and Princess Christian, with their daughters, joining the Royal party. On Saturday the Prince went to Sandown Park races, and in the evening was present at the Trinity House Banquet with the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who arrived from York, the Princess and Princess Victoria going to the Opera with the Duchess of Edinburgh. On Sunday the Royal party went to church, and in the afternoon the Princes called on Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. After presiding at a meeting of his Council, the Prince held a Levée at St. James's on Monday, and later accompanied the Princess and family to Sunningdale Park, Berks, for Ascot, entertaining a large house-party. The Prince and Princess and their guests went to Ascot races in semi-State both on Tuesday and Thursday, whilst the gentlemen of the party were present on Wednesday. A small dance took place last (Friday) night, and to-day the Prince will witness the annual cricket match at the Windsor Cavalry Barracks, and afterwards join the Princess for a picnic at Virginia Water. The Royal party stay at Sunningdale Park till Monday, when they return to town, after reviewing the Windsor Garrison and the Eton College Volunteers in Windsor Park. On Tuesday they will open the new building of the Seamen's Hospital Society at the Victoria and Albert Docks, and afterwards the Prince will go to Plymouth for the Royal Agricultural Show, staying with the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. The Prince holds another Levée on July 7th, and in October the Prince and Princess will visit Liverpool to open the new Infirmary. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale will take his seat in the House of Lords next week. He visits Scarborough on Friday to open the new North Promenade. The Duchess of Fife, on Monday, gave birth to a stillborn son, and for a short time was most seriously ill, though she is now much better. She got very wet at the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club last week and took a chill.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been appointed Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. The Duke and Duchess, on Saturday, attended the wedding of Captain Chetwynd and Miss Edméa Mon-

son, while in the evening the Duke presided at the Trinity House Banquet. On Monday they left town to stay with Prince and Princess Christian for Ascot.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected to reach Liverpool to-day (Saturday), having naught are expected to reach Liverpool to-day (Saturday), having crossed from Quebec in the Allan liner *Sarmatian*. Their house at Bagshot has been re-decorated in readiness, the electric light being fitted up, and the new billiard-room adorned with Indian carvings. The Duke will attend a banquet to Lord Reay at the Northbrook Club on July 2nd.—Princess Louise has been indisposed, and unable to fulfil several public engagements. She was well enough, however, to lay the foundation-stone of a home for girls at Forest Hill on Friday.—Prince Henry of Battenberg has enjoyed a capital cruise about the Channel Islands in the *Sheila*, while he took a trip in H.M.S. *Mist'eloe* to St. Malo.—Princess Victoria of Prussia, second daughter of the Empress Frederick, is engaged to Prince Adolph of Schaumburg Lippe, youngest son of the reigning Prince. The Prince is thirty-one years of age, and is attached to a crack cavalry regiment, the King's Hussars, of Bonn. Princess Victoria is seven years his junior.



THE OPERA.—The only additions to the operatic repertory this week have been Donizetti's *La Favorite*, given in French, and Mozart's *Figaro*. The latter was produced on Wednesday, too late for notice now. *La Favorite*, last Friday, introduced for the first time to London the celebrated Parisian mezzo-soprano Mdme. Renée Richard. This lady, who was educated at the Conservatoire, and made her debut at the Paris Opéra in 1877, has more than once before been offered an engagement for England, but as she was unwilling to sing in any other language but French, her appearance in London has hitherto been impossible. Now, however, so many of Mr. Harris' operas are performed in the French tongue that Madame Richard has at last been able to undertake a professional visit to this country, and she has indeed been expressly engaged to play the part of Fides in the revival of *Le Prophète*, which is announced for Monday next. In *La Favorite*, Madame Richard showed herself to be an artist of experience, and a powerful actress. Her voice is a pure mezzo-soprano, full and rich up to F, though beyond that the organ it seems somewhat worn. The middle and lower registers are of great beauty, and as the lady is quite free from the pernicious tremolo, and sings invariably in tune, the success she gained was thoroughly deserved. The cast was otherwise by no means a strong one, and *La Favorite* failed to attract a very large audience. The rest of the week has been devoted to repetitions of *Roméo et Juliette*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Carmen*, and *Faust*. The next opera to be put in rehearsal will probably be M. Thomas's *Hamlet*.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—On Thursday last week the young Polish pianist, M. Léopold Godowsky, made his debut at a recital at which his master, M. Saint-Saëns, was expected to be present. The wayward composer, however, has, it is understood, been on a visit to London, but he has not been seen in public. M. Godowsky is a sound and conscientious pianist, and is free from the tendency to exaggeration and over-emphasis which marks the style of so many pianoforte players of the present day, although he is by no means devoid of ability as an executant. His most important effort was in two movements from Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," and in the thirty-two variations, in each of which, apart from obvious nervousness, he displayed a thorough grasp of the music and high intellectuality. Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" hardly suited him so well, but in several pieces of his own, including a very charming sketch entitled "Fairy Tale," he achieved complete success.

Miss Fanny Davies devoted the programme of her concert last week exclusively to the music of Robert Schumann and his gifted widow. From the compositions of Madame Schumann, her favourite pupil selected the scherzo in D minor, which has already been played at the Popular Concerts, and the pianoforte trio in G minor, written upwards of thirty years ago, and generally considered one of the best of Madame Schumann's works.

Herr Felix Berber, a pupil of Professor Brodsky of Leipsic, made his debut at a recital on Thursday. The new violinist plays admirably in tune, although his tone is not particularly powerful. A pianoforte quintet by the Danish composer, Christian Sinding, was introduced; and, although rather an unequal work, the slow movement and a pretty intermezzo were admired.

Madame Carreño gave a third pianoforte recital on Tuesday. Her programme opened with the "Moonlight" Sonata, and it included several smaller pieces of display.

Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, at her second pianoforte recital on Saturday, gave a capital performance of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, and works by various composers, including Sterndale Bennett's "Lake, Millstream, and Fountain."

Chamber Concerts have also been given by the pupils of the Royal Academy and Kensington School of Music; by the young French violinist, Mdlle. Isabelle Levallois, a pupil of Léonard; by Miss Amy Flood Porter, a clever lady violoncellist; by Mr. Jan Mulder, a violoncellist; by the Musical Guild, Madame Haas, Mr. Charles F. Reddie, and others.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—Dr. Richter, at his concert last Monday, again devoted the greater part of his programme to the music of Wagner and Beethoven. Besides the usual orchestral pieces, he also introduced Brahms' first Concerto in D minor, written in 1859, which was played by Madame Schumann's gifted young pupil Mr. Leonard Borwick, who a few weeks ago made a successful debut at the Philharmonic Concerts. The concerto has not of late often been heard here, for it bristles with difficulties, of which Mr. Borwick made light, and it also makes great demands upon the auditors. Mr. Borwick's reading of the concerto was, however, a remarkably fine one.

Señor Sarasate gave his first orchestral concert on Saturday before an enormous audience. The programme was exclusively devoted to works which were thoroughly familiar, including Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," "Raff's" "Fée d'Amour," and the violinist's own gipsy songs. The audience were as enthusiastic as usual, and the great Spanish violinist was recalled in all seven times, having also to play three encores, including his own little sketch, "La Meunière" and Wilhelmj's transcription of Chopin's Pianoforte Nocturne in E flat. The students of the Royal College of Music have likewise given an orchestral concert.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—About three thousand adult tonic sol-fa singers took part in the Tonic Sol-fa Festival at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, in the course of which a capital performance of Sir John Stainer's cantata, the *Daughter of Jairus*, was conducted by the composer.—At Mr. Cusins' annual concert, the star was Madame Albani, who sang an air from *Der Freischütz*, the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria," and, for an encore, "Robin Adair."—At St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday, the annual Gregorian Festival took place. Included in the music performed was a new Processional hymn by Mr. A. H. Brown, and a capital anthem, "Majesty His Name," based on the Eighth Gregorian Tone, and composed by Dr. Martin,



organist of St. Paul's.—To the miscellaneous performances of the week we cannot refer.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—The Rev. Marmaduke Browne's version of Mozart's *Così fan Tutte*, entitled *The School for Lovers*, will be performed on the 10th prox. by the Royal College students at the Savoy Theatre.—Madame Patti has entirely recovered her health, and will sing at the State Concert next Wednesday, and at the Albert Hall on the following Saturday.—It is stated that Mr. Lloyd, for his four appearances at the Handel and Haydn Festival at Boston, received the large sum of 800*l.* It need hardly be said that he will return to the States next year.—Mr. Otto Goldschmidt is engaged upon a biography of his late wife, the famous *prima donna*, Jenny Lind.—Mr. Ffrangcon Davies has been engaged by Sir Arthur Sullivan to play the principal baritone part in his opera, *Ivanhoe*.

### THEATRES

THE New York Daly Company at the LYCEUM have as yet appeared in nothing more novel than *Casting the Boomerang*, an American eccentric comedy, based on a German original, in which this troupe of comedians made their first appearance in London six years ago. Their reception, however, could hardly have been more cordial, or their triumph more complete. Critics who once looked somewhat coldly on Miss Ada Rehan's efforts now recognise in her an actress with a very original style, and what is rarer still, a very decided charm. Her performance in the third act of this piece, in which she impulsively invites her lover, in the person of Mr. John Drew, to share her lonely situation, then shrinks alarmed at her own boldness, and finally uses all her woman's wit to repress the ardour of her too-passionate admirer, is admirable for subtlety, delicacy, and rapid transitions of feeling and expression. It is scenes such as these that can alone explain the patience with which the puerilities and artificialities of this play are endured. The whole is indeed admirably acted, Mr. James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, and other leading members of the company rendering once more valuable aid. On Tuesday next, *Casting the Boomerang* will give way to *Nancy and Co.*, in which the Daly Company have also already appeared in London.

The reading tour of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry is now drawing to a close. It has been exceptionally prosperous. On Wednesday next the reading from *Macbeth* will be given at ST. JAMES'S HALL for the first time in London, with the full orchestra of fifty performers, who will give the accompanying music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

*Illusions* is the title of the new drama, by Mr. Pierre Leclercq, which will be produced by Miss Marion Lea at the VAUDEVILLE on the afternoon of July 3rd.

Last Saturday evening Mr. Hare and his friends met after the performance at the GARRICK to celebrate a double event. This was the hundredth representation of that immensely diverting piece *A Pair of Spectacles* and the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Hare's first appearance on the stage. A supper followed by speech-making brought the mutual congratulations to a merry ending.

Mr. Bouchier's management of the ST. JAMES'S will commence on the 26th inst. with a new farcical comedy entitled *Your Wife*, adapted from the French by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P., and a new one-act piece by Lady Violet Greville.

Miss Melnotte will re-open TOOLE'S Theatre on July 3rd with a farcical comedy entitled *The Scourer*.

The subscriptions at the recent annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, at which Mr. Leopold Rothschild took the chair, realised the hitherto unprecedented sum of two thousand guineas.

Mr. J. T. Grein has been appointed Secretary of The Playgoers' Club, which is about to remove its quarters to Mona's Hotel.

Mr. W. G. Wills is said to be engaged on a dramatic version of Thackeray's "Esmond," in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is about to intervene in the rather hotly-disputed question of Actor-managements. He will contribute a paper on the subject to the next number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

### THE OLD BUILDINGS, LINCOLN'S INN

ON the Ordnance Survey, 1872, the ground at the north-eastern angle of High Holborn and Chancery Lane is marked as being the site of a town mansion, or "inn," of the Bishop of Lincoln. But this Inn of Court derives its name from what had been the "inn" of Henry Lacy, the famous Earl of Lincoln, and friend of Edward I. The king gave to him a grant of "the old friar House *juxta* Holborn, being a person well affected to the study of the laws." The Black, or Preaching Friars, who had arrived in London in 1221, were established by Langton the Primate, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and Margaret, sister to the King of Scots, on a site "without the wall of the City by Holbourn, near to the Old Temple." They migrated, fifty years later, to a settlement which Gregory Rokesley, Mayor, assigned to them, by Baynard's Castle near to the Fleet's left bank.

Bishop's Court and Chichester Rents, just south of the Inn gateway in Chancery Lane, commemorate, in both site and name, an "inn" of the Bishops of Chichester, built, on the garden of one John Herlirum, by Ralph Nevil, Bishop of that see and Chancellor of England. This is the "noble palace" which Matthew Paris describes. To Ralph succeeded Richard de Wyche, the "Saint Richard," to whom the original chapel of the Inn of Court was dedicated in 1446. About this period, the Bishop's inn and the deserted monastery became appropriated to students of the law. The story is too long for rehearsal here. I am fain only to say that after Henry Lacy's death, at his own house, in 1310, most of his property was added to that of the Bishops, who leased it to students.

To pull down the great gateway were in itself a species of ingratitude. For it was built by a benefactor to the Society, Sir Thomas Lovel, K.G., Henry VII.'s Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his executor. Lovel, created a Knight Banneret on Stoke battle-field in 1487, was a "Double Reader" to the Inn. Moreover, his gatehouse is indigenous to the soil. They made all the bricks and tiles out of clay dug up in the adjoining Coneygarth—the garden, once famous for its avenues and statuary, wherein Steele tells us he used to walk by favour of the Benchers who had grown old with him. Begun in 1507, and completed thirteen years later, the gateway cost 153*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* A further sum of 16*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* was paid for forty-three cartloads of freestone, the wrought work of the chimneys, and the stone carvings. The last-named include (on the eastern front) the Royal bearings; on the right, within a garter, or, a lion azure (or purple) for Lacy; on

the left, also within a garter, the charge of the Lovels. Much of the original brickwork remains, and may be recognised by its courses set in what is known as Flemish bond. Lovel died, 1524, at the Manor House, long known as the Palace, Enfield, whereof a drawing will be found in Grose's "Antiquarian Repertory," vol. 1.

The Benchers—moved thereto, it is said, by Lord Grimthorpe—have resolved to destroy this interesting relic, and with it the yet surviving portion of Old Buildings. The latter were once subdivided into Gatehouse, Kitchen Garden, Dial, and Coneygarth (or Garden) Courts. Erected at various times during an interval of



THE OLD BUILDINGS, LINCOLN'S INN

about twenty years which ended in 1610, they form valuable examples of domestic—or, rather, collegiate—Jacobean architecture. The back view from the old kitchen-garden is particularly pleasing. Nearly all of the original oak timber is preserved, albeit some later features have been gradually introduced, such as the doorways, the exterior flues, and nearly all the windows. Certain blocks that lay to the north, east, and west of Inigo Jones's chapel, together with the late Vice-Chancellor Malins's Court, have been recently replaced with some new chambers, being Nos. 8 to 15, erected after the designs of (partly) the late Sir G. G. Scott and (partly) of Lord Grimthorpe. Whilst his lordship's scheme to carry out the rebuilding in its entirety excites no general approval, I cannot deny that his portion of the work so far presents, both without and within, several points of superiority over Scott's.

The roll of past worthies, with much of the historical associations which centre around Lincoln's Inn, are fairly set forth in ordinary text-books. Later, and not so readily available investigations go to show that the now threatened chambers, south of Old Square, formed a domicile of some of the leading men of the Puritan party during the Civil War and the Protectorate. Milton and Cromwell must have often visited Secretary John Thurloe at his chambers on the ground-floor of No. 24. In this block, too, lived Mr. Speaker Lenthall (No. 23, ground-floor), Thomas Wentworth, and William Prynne, Benchers and Reader, declared enemy of "the unloveliness of love-locks." At the top of No. 1 Staircase, in the gateway, Lord Mansfield, when Pope's "silver-tongued Murray," had chambers; over the gate arch, Sir Matthew Hale, who bequeathed his valuable MSS. and library to the Inn; Spencer Perceval at Nos. 20 and 25; Lord Hatherley at No. 25. The author of "Proverbial Philosophy" occupied chambers on No. 21 Staircase; More's Passage, opened two or three years since, through the south-western angle of New Square, commemorates the migration hither from New Inn of Sir Thomas More.

DRUMMOND MILLIKEN

ANOTHER POSTHUMOUS WORK by VICTOR HUGO has been published in Paris, "En Voyage," most picturesque reminiscences of the poet's travels among the Alps and the Pyrenees.

FEMININE SUCCESSES IN UNIVERSITY STUDIES continue. Now a first place in the Cambridge Classical Tripos has been won by Miss Margaret Alford, of Girton, a niece of the late Dean Alford, and daughter of the philanthropic Vicar of St. Luke's, W. Honours in Law alone remain to be conquered by English girls, like those in Law alone remain to be conquered by English girls, like those won in Paris by the young Roumanian, Mlle. Samniza Bilescu, who has just taken her LL.D., thus becoming the first "Doctor of Laws" in France. Mlle. Bilescu is twenty-three years old, is a first-rate classical scholar, and has studied at Paris for six years, meeting with some little opposition in the Law School. She was not required to wear a cap and gown when reading her theme before the jury, the subject being "The Position of the Mother under the French and Roman Laws." She will be called to the Bucharest Bar as a precedent for other women; but, being rich, will not practise herself, except to plead for women too poor to pay counsel. Across the Atlantic a girl has won the Sargent Prize at Harvard University, which is seldom awarded, as the conditions are exceptionally difficult. However, Miss Helen Reed has taken it over the heads of sixteen men for a poetical translation of Horace's "Address to Mæcenas."



ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC are most numerous and dangerous just now, especially about latitude 46 deg. 15 min., and longitude 46 deg. 44 min. Four hundred bergs are reported off the Newfoundland coast, moving right down the track of ocean liners, and two of these bergs are fully a mile square apiece.

SUNDAY MUSICAL PERFORMANCES have begun on Hampstead Heath, arousing considerable controversy among the residents. Thus memorials to the County Council are being drawn up, both objecting to and applauding the innovation. The general public, however, showed their approval last Sunday plainly enough by crowding the Heath to listen to the National Sunday League Band.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has acquired two fresh pictures—an "Ecce Homo," ascribed to Carlo Dolci, and a portrait by Pordenone, both from the Perkins collection sold on Saturday. A "Magdalen," by Elisabetta Sirani, was also bought for the Irish National Gallery. The latter institution has just obtained a charming portrait by Rembrandt of a young man, Louis van Linden. It had remained in a Belgian family, who promised the first refusal to Mr. Doyle.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT'S coming appearance in London next Monday, on her recovery from the injury to her leg, will be a dire disappointment to an enterprising Yankee showman. When the actress was suffering greatly from the accident, a rumour of amputation crossed the Atlantic, and an American at once offered Madame Bernhardt a handsome sum if she would sell him the amputated limb. He intended to embalm and exhibit it, giving Madame Bernhardt a royalty on the profits.

A RACE OF FOUR-IN-HANDS was held in Austria last week. Seven coaches drove from Pressburg to Vienna, about forty miles, starting at intervals of five minutes, and being allowed three hours and twenty minutes for the journey. Baron Nicolas Wesselenyi was the winner, arriving in 2 h. 42 min. 38 sec., and Count Apponyi came in last, having taken 3 h. 16 min. His horses, however, were not so exhausted as the others. The Paris Four-in-Hand Club have also enjoyed a field-day, their first meet of the season being attended by nineteen coaches, including one English team.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY of the death of Emperor Frederick of Germany was kept at Berlin on Sunday with much solemnity. The Empress Frederick and her daughters came over from Homburg, and the Imperial flag on their Palace floated half-mast high, while the Empress's three standards—German, Prussian, and English—drooped from the balcony with its black drapings. Early in the morning the Empress and her children laid flowers on the Emperor's tomb in the Friedenskirche, and then joined Emperor William and the rest of the Imperial Family for a Memorial Service in the little village church at Bornstedt, the late Emperor's favourite place of worship. Afterwards the Imperial party went back to the Friedenskirche to place more wreaths on the tomb, and in the evening the Empress and her daughters attended another Memorial Service in the English Church at Berlin.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL CEREMONY took place at Vienna on Monday, when the Archduchess Valérie renounced her rights to the throne in view of her approaching marriage. According to the Pragmatic Sanction of 1724, by which the Emperor Charles VI., having no son, settled his dominions on his daughter Maria Theresa, all Austrian Archduchesses are bound to make this renunciation on their marriage, but they still retain the right of succeeding if all the male heirs should become extinct. There are eleven Archduchesses available at present, however. The Archduchess Valérie has a chance of succeeding through her first husband, the Archduke Franz Salvator, but as regards the rights of the female line she would now come after the little Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the Crown Prince. The ceremony took place in the Hofburg before the Emperor and the chief officials of State, the Archduchess being the only woman present except her Lady-in-Waiting. Archduchess Valérie, who wore pale blue silk embroidered with gold true-lovers' knots, stood in front of a table bearing a crucifix, lighted candles and a Bible, and, placing her right hand on the Bible, took the deed of renunciation in her left and read it aloud after the Archbishop of Vienna. She then signed the Act, her fiancé signed likewise, and after the State notaries had affixed the seals to the document, the Imperial party adjourned to another room to sign the marriage contract.

THE "STEVENSON ROAD" between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika in Central Africa, whose existence is denied by Herr Vohsen and the German Colonial party, was first prospected eleven years ago by the late Mr. James Stewart, an Indian civil engineer. When he visited his cousin, the head of the Mission at Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa, he surveyed the narrow "divide" between the two sheets of water, and two years later commenced the work, chiefly at the cost of the Glasgow merchant who gives his name to the highway. After some interruption through native wars, the road was made over fifty-two miles of the most difficult country, but Mr. Stewart's death checked its progress, and though the highway undoubtedly exists, the remainder of the road is not completed according to the original scheme. Hence the German argument, which can be flatly contradicted both by Major Wissmann who passed over the road in 1887, and by Captain Trivier, the French explorer, who recently crossed the "Dark Continent." Starting from Karonga, at the north-western corner of Lake Nyassa, the "Stevenson Road" runs to Niumkolo or Abercorn, on Ilere's Bay, Lake Tanganyika—the bright named after Captain Hore, who received the Feek Grant from the Geographical Society on Monday. For eleven miles the road passes through the flat district of the lake borders, then it ascends through a steep pass to the great plateau between the two lakes, rising from a level of 3,000 feet at the Nyassa end to 5,400 feet at the ridge above Tanganyika, and finally descending to the lake by a fairly gradual slope. The distance is from 230 to 250 miles, and the majority of the route is a beaten caravan track over the plateau, through a cool, bracing climate, with plenty of water, and peaceful, industrious native villages plentifully scattered about. There is neither jungle nor marsh to encounter, and at the warmest season the heat is no greater than at Malta. Thanks to treaties with the native chiefs, this district is considerably Anglicised, so that "Good morning, Sir," is a common salutation.



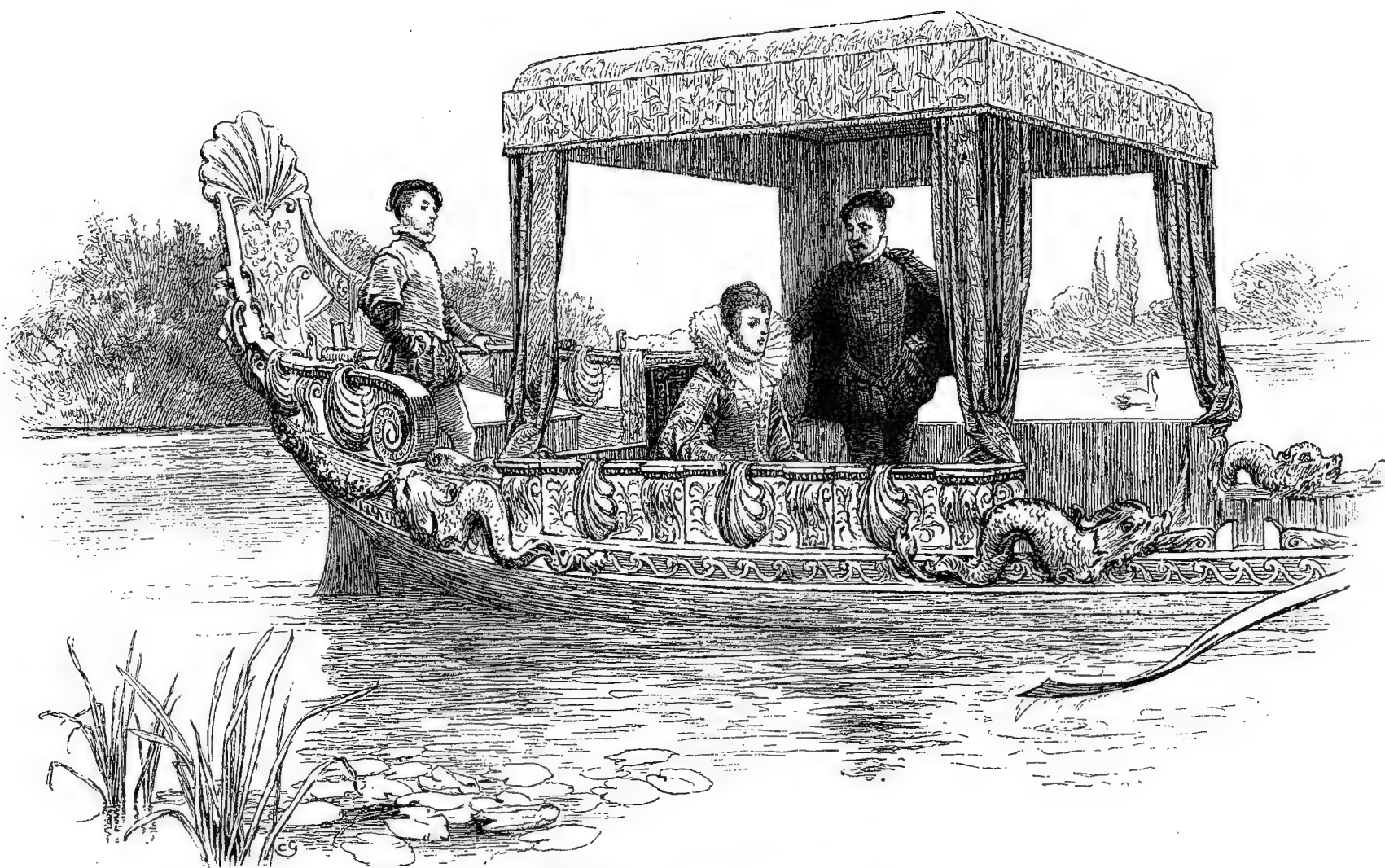
ILLUSTRATED BY C. GREEN, R.I.—WRITTEN BY J. GREGO

The King led a life of enjoyment and recreation at Hampton Court, where he caused to be constructed a Tilt Yard, for the

horseback, with the Lady Anne on his pillion.

Hampton Court had been leased to Wolsey by the Knights Hospitallars. In 1531 the King, being resolved to make the place one of the most superb Palaces of the Crown, concluded an agreement with the Prior of the Order for the fee simple of the manor in exchange for other messuages. The building of Henry's "Great Hall" was hurried forward at vast expense, "the King's Great Watching Chamber," or "Guard Room," and other apartments were enlarged and beautified, and a new suite of State rooms was commenced for Anne Boleyn. These spacious and extensive apartments were subsequently demolished when William III.'s State rooms were erected on the same site. Nor was the unfortunate Anne Boleyn destined to occupy this sumptuous suite of chambers." She attained the height of her ambition by being crowned in Westminster Abbey, June 1st, 1533. The month following the new Queen was spending her honeymoon at Hampton Court, presiding at banquets, masques, interludes, jousts, and sports. The story of her "dancings and sportings" reached the ears of Sir Thomas More, then a prisoner in the Tower, who, prophetically-minded in his misfortunes, is said to have exclaimed thereon :—"Alas ! it

On the night of the 24th of October, 1537, Jane Seymour quietly passed away. Henry was once more a widower, and the body of the



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER STATE BARGE

After visiting numerous places on an extended wedding tour, Henry and Catherine returned to Hampton Court to spend the winter. So great was the King's tenderness, he would suffer no interference with their retirement; and accordingly, instead of Henry proceeding to town on business of State, the Privy Council met at Hampton Court. The fate of this unhappy Queen was decided at

The King's matrimonial disappointments did not put him out of conceit with Hampton Court, the scene of many distressing incidents which had unsettled his domestic felicities. He there received in Royal State the Imperial Ambassador in the summer of 1542, when an offensive and defensive alliance was projected with Charles V. Henry VIII. ventured on passing a sixth honeymoon at the Palace; he there married Catharine Parr, July 12th, 1543, and the same day she was proclaimed Queen; the Princesses Mary

The young King and the Protector Somerset arrived at Hampton Court June, 1547; thence Somerset set off for the North, and in three months, returned there with the prestige of a conqueror. Edward VI. preferred Hampton Court, the place of his birth, to all other palaces; but, under the vaulting ambition of Somerset, the gentle Prince was kept in a state of subjection, denied ordinary privileges and amusements, and deprived of all dignity or authority. The proud Duke of Somerset's arrogance soon prepared his own downfall; "many Lords of the Realm as well as Councillors, misliking the Government, began to withdraw themselves from Court, and, resorting to London, fell to secret consultation for redress of things." By them "it was resolved that Henry VIII.'s will should be carried out, and that the executors he had nominated should be appointed to act as guardians of the kingdom during the minority of the King." Somerset and his party remained a

(Continued on page 710)





HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT: EDWARD VI. AND THE PROTECTOR SOMERSET—"THE NIGHT ALARM"





**K**ARSAKOV, variously spelt Karsakow, Karsakof, and with finals, such as "kopch," "kofch," in a sort of "limited infinitum," is better known as the Japanese Aniwa. It lies almost on the southern point of Saghalien—that "No Man's Land" of "Far Cathay."

Twenty years ago it was practically in possession of the Japanese. It was their famous fishing beat, although no sea is despised by this fish-loving nation. It is still apparently a favourite with them, and about six hundred of their vessels yearly come up from Hakodate to catch salmon and herring—most excellent fish of their kind: but the fishers have to pay to the Russians a tax which, although it may not altogether take the gilt off the proverbial gingerbread, certainly takes some of the silver off the salmon. A Japanese Consul, however, watches their interests, and as his employers' eyes are now very widely open, we may assume that he does his duty. One Japanese ship could easily obliterate the settlement.

However vague the rightful ownership of the land may have been in times gone by—times of confusion and civil dissension in Japan—the Muscovite can now go no farther south, carrying with him those convenient confounders of natural barriers, his white and black and red-striped posts and sentry-boxes, without entrenching as much on neighbours' ground as if he took possession of Donegal.

But to return to Karsakov and its muttons (soldiers and convicts). It is probably the most interesting spot on the Russian Pacific coast, excepting, perhaps, Vladivostok, on the mainland. This latter port is, however, better known. The all-but ubiquitous globe-trotter has been on its streets. His heels have, if indeed his head has not, resounded on its plank pavement. He has drunk beer at its brewery; he has sailed on its Golden Horn. Moreover, Russians there, not quite without some show of justice founded on experience, regard the Briton as a probable amateur or professional spy. Besides, there is no person so reluctant to show a thing as he who has nothing to show. Vladivostok is only a place where the Russians have pitched their tent on the march south. The Russ has a desire to view the Southern Cross from his own doorstep.

It is not improbable that Saghalien may some day force itself on the notice of the Briton, and then the question will be asked, Where and what is it? It seems in bygone times to have received some notice from the French. It is just a little more than a century since La Pérouse decided that it was an island; and, although his Gallic and gallant seamen are not to be confounded with the typical Frenchmen whose paradise is the Boulevard, the island appears to have had for them only the attraction of repulsion. Even Karsakov, brightened by bayonets, and *si gracieusement disposé en croissant de manière à recevoir tout la force des rayons du midi*, gets nipped and shrivelled up by the bleak northern winds crossing large open depressions in the mountain chains. And after stating the fact, horrible to a cheerful and gregarious race, that there is only one person for six square kilometres, La Pérouse goes on to say, clubbing together the military and the "exiles," *Ils sont venus malgré eux dans cette île de pluie, de neige, et des brouillards*.

Including a point closely watching Yezo (the Japanese used to call Saghalien Kito Yezo, or Northern Yezo), the military element in Karsakov numbers some five hundred. The Russian convict does not seem to need much guarding. At Dui he is not unfrequently farmed out for mining and other odd but limited needs at thirty to seventy kopeks (say sevenpence half-penny to eightpence) a day, how much of which he gets for his *ménu plaisirs* available history doth not relate. At this place, which is nearly opposite Castries, the exiles number some two thousand.

Approximately the inhabitants of the whole island are composed of two thousand Giliaks, two thousand five hundred Ainos, four hundred Oroks, four hundred Japanese, two thousand Russians, and, of course, some of the ubiquitous Celestials, engaged in collecting that dainty, dear to the Middle Kingdom, the *Choux de Mer*. I cannot avoid mentioning that, amongst the varied names of headlands and other natural marks, there is a River Tim—which modestly suggests another nationality. I shall ever regret not being permitted to make a longer stay at Karsakov. However, the manner in which my flying visit was made—in a small man-of-war—had its peculiar



"LABOUR WITHOUT HONOUR"—CONVICTS RETURNING FROM WORK

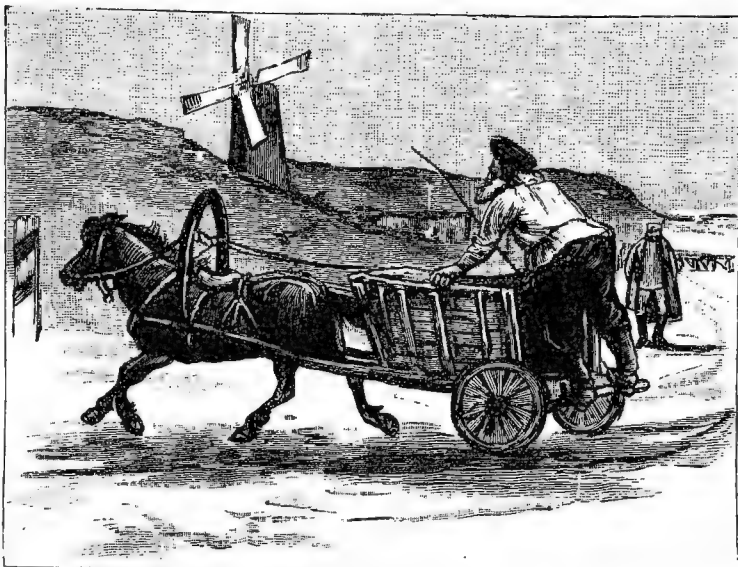


THE WOMEN'S WARD IN THE CONVICT PRISON





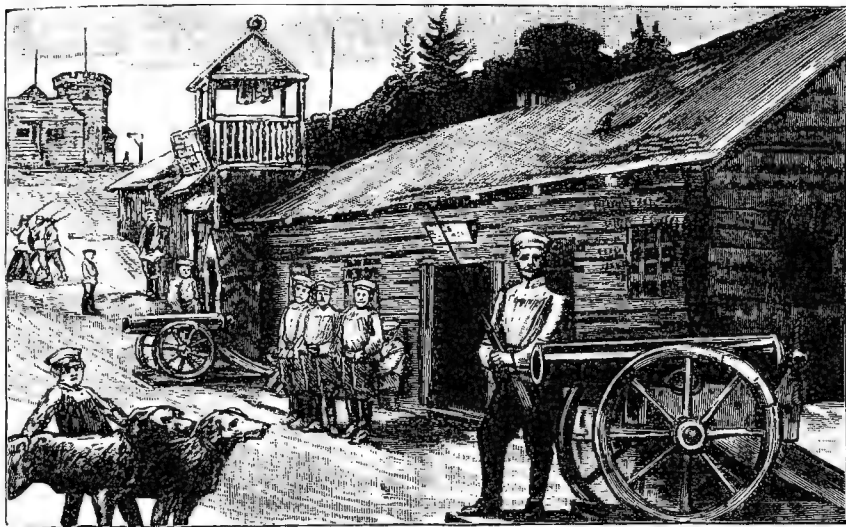
"AN OGRE"—THE CORPORAL IN CHARGE AMUSES HIMSELF WITH THE CONCERTINA



A PRISONER DRIVING



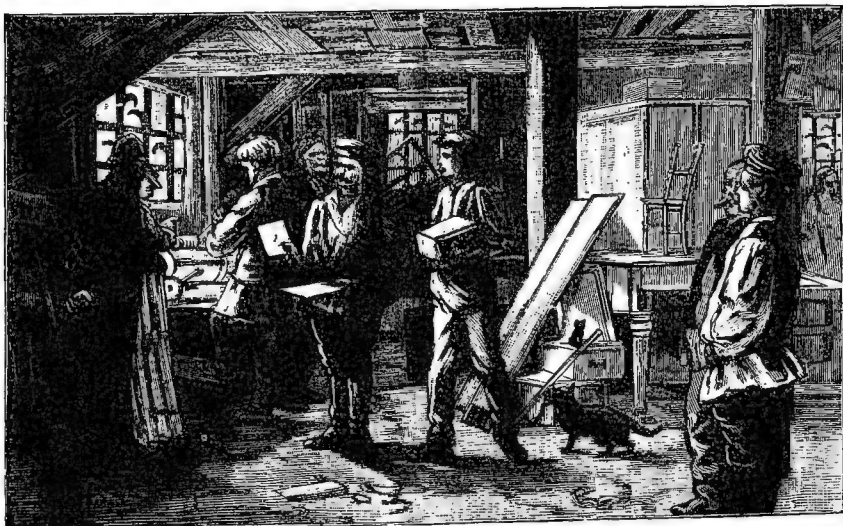
A HUMBLE OFFERING—WILD STRAWBERRIES



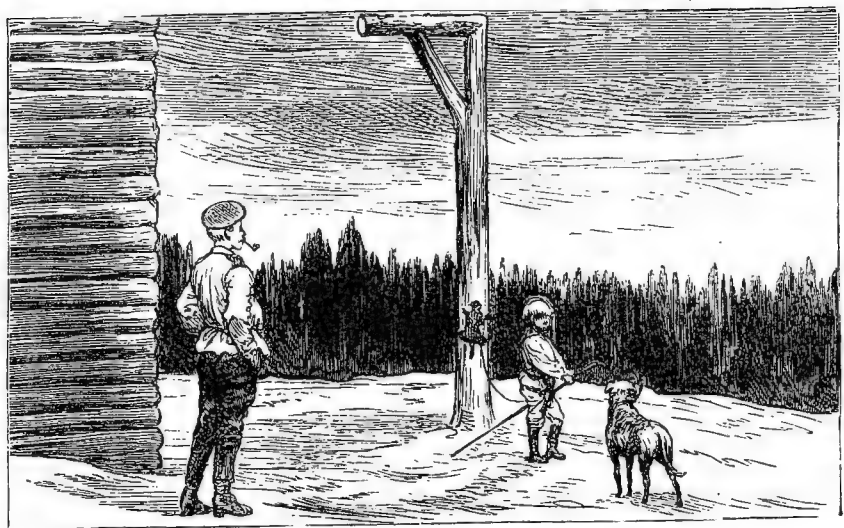
PRINCIPAL STREET, KHARSAKOV



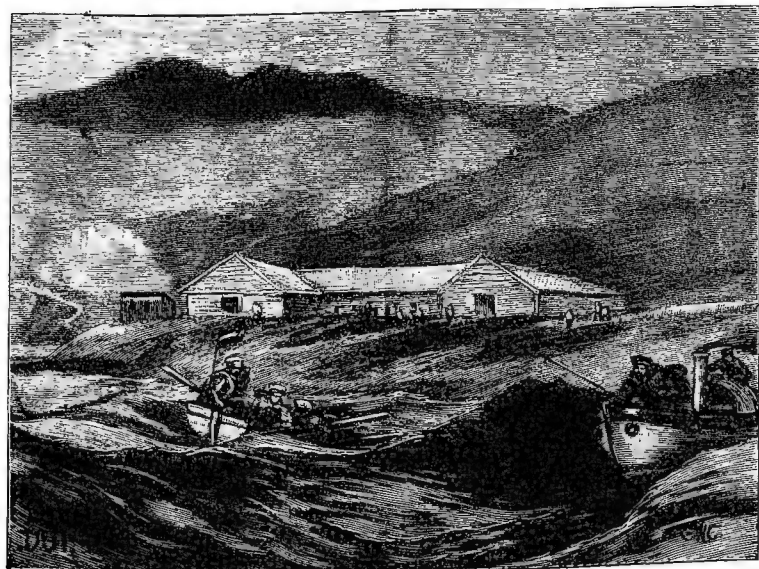
PRISON GATES, KHARSAKOV



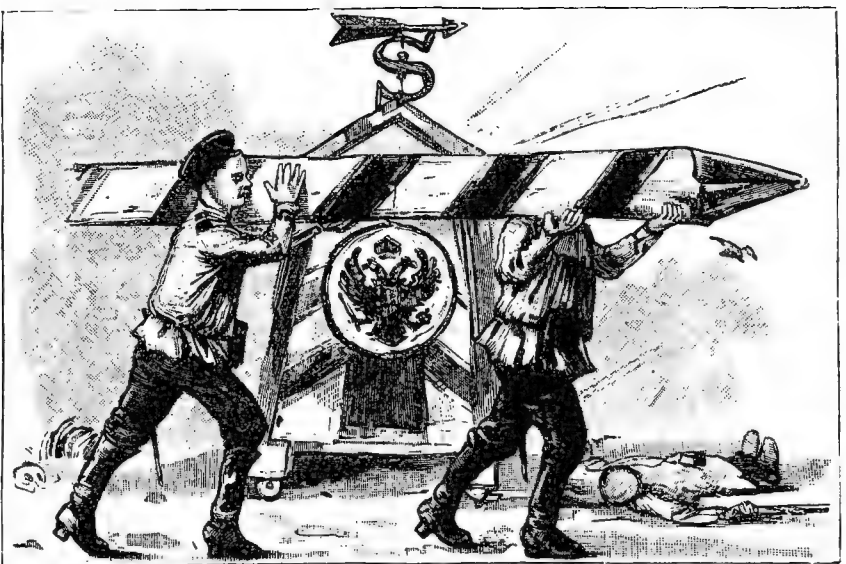
CARPENTERS' SHOP



"POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES"—THE GALLOW'S, KHARSAKOV



COMMUNICATION WITH THE SHORE AT DUI



RUSSIANS MOVING SOUTH



advantages. The officials apparently showed no reserve or secrecy. All was thrown open; and I hope no unfair advantage has been taken. One would desire to have more thoroughly observed the Russian convict, comparing what one might have seen with the many harrowing books which have been written about him. Although Saghalien is not Siberia, and its prisoners are most unmixed as regards delinquency, still some insight would have been gained without offensive curiosity or breach of the unwritten laws of hospitality.

There are convict settlements and mines close to the shore farther north, at Dui, where ships are manually coaled by prisoners, supposed by the credulous to be persons of distinction—perhaps Polish nobles (who, by the way, ever met a Pole who was not a noble?), perhaps Circassian heroes; and the Russians dub them, sweepingly, as their own countrymen and "all murderers." On this point they seem to be quite fastidious. Possibly there may be a few political prisoners. One exile I saw at Karsakov certainly wore a Circassian dress, while an alleged Persian and an undoubted Turk were also seen. There were, too, some harmless-looking German carpenters in the workshop, these apparently enjoying some liberty, though their sense of freedom decidedly did not take the form of loving the free air, for the atmosphere in which they worked—and some, too, slept—was, and I imagine voluntarily so, quite poisonous. But, harmless as these Germans looked, it is not impossible that a little advanced patriotic murder may have fallen in their way. In part of this workhouse there were also shoemakers and weavers, adding a new fluffy character to the fetid, sawdusty air. The corporal in charge had a mild, *debonair*, and rather sensitive face—a man out of whom *Sterne* or *Le Maître* would have made sentimental capital. He appears in my sketch as "An Ogre."

Saghalien, an island, high and forest-covered, was formerly included in that elastic term, "Chinese Maritime Region." It was ceded to Russia in 1860, and is now known as a part of "La Russie Orientale." It is only about the size of Ireland; consequently, to the Russian—and as an offshoot of the blank of Siberia—it is a mere trifle as regards extent. How few people can realise that this Siberia, with a population less than London, could take in, in area, between fifty and sixty islands of the size of Great Britain! It is, indeed, a long, lone, and silent region of monotony and sorrow. The mammoth gave in as much from *ennui* as from climatic evolution.

Within the last few months there has been one of those periodical ebullitions, so characteristic of the Briton, in regard to the treatment of Siberian convicts. Judging by the mass of evidence, evils must undoubtedly exist. And they are unequally distributed, for what would be but inconvenience to a peasant bred up in pre-eminent hardship and poverty becomes death, or worse than death, to exiles who have lived in comfort and refinement. Governors have resigned from too impotent sympathy, and a bitter feeling has been engendered against the authorities in the breasts of kindhearted military officers and men, these feelings making one of the links in the chain of many-sided Nihilism. We hear also of convicts for the Western parts of these penal regions being conveyed by sea in iron cases. Indeed, that hardships are endured in the water transit is admitted, for, on questions being asked regarding scurvy amongst the prisoners, it was described as having been developed before arrival.

Aniwa Bay, in the region of Karsakov, is formed like the nippers of a scorpion, ready to nip Yezo with its undeveloped wealth of coal, petroleum, iron, silver, and even gold. Karsakov is rather attractive from the sea, but is so situated that small arms and machine-guns could easily clear the ascending street, and a few shells and insinuating and volatile rockets would burn down the buildings, prison, workshop, barracks, guard-houses, Governor's house, church, chapel, offices, mill, and kiosks, in the building of all of which it must be admitted that but a small quantity of brick has been used. The prison, with its gibbet, crowns the height. Parallel to the main street, across a little valley, stands the modest bungalow of the kind-hearted military commandant. This bungalow, and other smaller buildings, also of wood, were probably built by the soldiers and convicts, who are equal adepts with the axe. The officer, also, who must feel *ennui* terribly, has his mechanical turn; and the colonel was particularly proud of a large boat, somewhat on Korean lines, built by a subaltern, *tout entière de ses propres mains*, as he several times repeated. I may here observe that French appears to be the foreign language of the military; with their naval comrades it is English, and good English, though that they know French also probably goes without saying.

Thinking of the hard, almost penal, service of the soldiery, combined with the stalwart physique of some of the prisoners employed as carters, and in other out-door occupations, I asked if it would not be practicable to enrol some of these latter into a discipline battalion; but the reply was a decided "No" (with a side glance of contempt), "they would be no good; they are murderers." There

were, however, no superficial signs suggesting harsh treatment; and the convicts' bearing was one of extreme outward respect. After the working hours, there were many grey, listless faces peering forth from between the rough, hooked bars of the prison, but with no scared expression of terror, and apparently with no idea beyond the hope of a windfall of tobacco. I have referred to a man in Circassian dress. He stood in the open gateway with a marked swagger. The prevailing grey, only varied by some scraps or cast-off uniforms, is not cheerful. Indeed, there is an absence of colour in the whole scene, grey again, with white and brown, and not even the crimson of the soldier's sash. Again, in the women's room all was the uniform of the soldiery. Five of the women were chained from the left wrist to the ankle, grey, that being the colour of the blankets as well as of the dresses. They had, poor things, but few resources for but not heavily. Their floor was covered with dead leaves, too suggestive of past hopes. They had, however, their small low-placed windows of glazed; and, with a closed stove, some little drinking-barrels, and a cask of water, their comforts seemed to end. The convict diet is mainly composed of black bread, twelve pounds weekly. There is also soup, five days composed of meat, two days of fish. This

well in hand, as exemplified in the case of an ardent sportsman who, wishing to combine shooting and fishing, lost his gun whilst in search of trout. It was speedily recovered without particulars, and the liberal reward which had been offered was refused. Probably the appropriator suffered the punishment which, notwithstanding the owner's carelessness, he certainly deserved.

There is in Karsakov, as elsewhere where the Russian is, a love of song and undoubted skill. Some English blue-jackets who were detained some time at the end of the pier sang in the little *club*—with the friendliness of spirit and absence of exclusiveness which is typical of their class—some music-hall songs which it would be desirable not to sing out of London. They made it up, however, in tobacco; and the Russians in return sang some excellent plaintive national airs.

When I have borne testimony, without drawing the veil of semi-private hospitality, to the universal desire to do kindly things to the chance visitors, exhibited by all on shore from the Governor down to the poor soldier who gathered wild strawberries for us, I have said as much about this interesting convict settlement in very "Far Cathay" as the public will probably tolerate from one who does not study blue-books, and whose visit was not only a flying one, but mixed with other duties than those of making close investigations or of compiling treacherous statistics.

C. W. COLE

WILD CATS

WILD CATS were at one time—and that not so very long ago—quite common in Britain, but the peculiarly ferocious nature of the animal, its rapacity, and its insatiable thirst for blood, led to its gradual extermination by forcing every man's hand against it, until now it cannot be said to exist at all in England. Its *habitat* is confined to the remote fastnesses of Scotland, and—if my informant, an old gamekeeper, is to be credited—to one or two places in North Wales.

A spurious sort of wild cat there is only too common on old shootings; but these are either domestic cats which have preferred a life of freedom to the soft, luxurious warmth of a drawing-room, or the offspring of these animals kittered in a state of emancipation. Perhaps my friend the gamekeeper mistook this kind for the genuine mountain cat; but, though the former gradually assumes a uniform colouring of fur not unlike that of the latter, yet there are other essential points, both of appearance and of habits, in which the two species always differ, and these have led me to conclude that the cats he described to me were the genuine mountain variety. I am open to correction, however.

The mountain cat is distinguished from the tabby, and, in a lesser degree, from the wild cat, so-called, in being of much larger size, of incomparably greater strength, of one unvarying dusky-grey colour, marked with brown on the belly and flanks, and (most conspicuous difference of all) in having a long bushy tail of uniform thickness, annulated and tipped with black.

Charles Darwin's difficulty in deciding how far changed conditions of climate, food, &c., have acted on the structure and external appearance of animals has been overcome by later scientists; and we can now understand the wise provision of Nature which, adapting the colouring of the animal to the shades of the locality it inhabits, has made the coat of the wild cat approximate in hue to that of the mountain cat; but the tapering tail of the one shows no sign of evolving into the bushy appendage of the other.

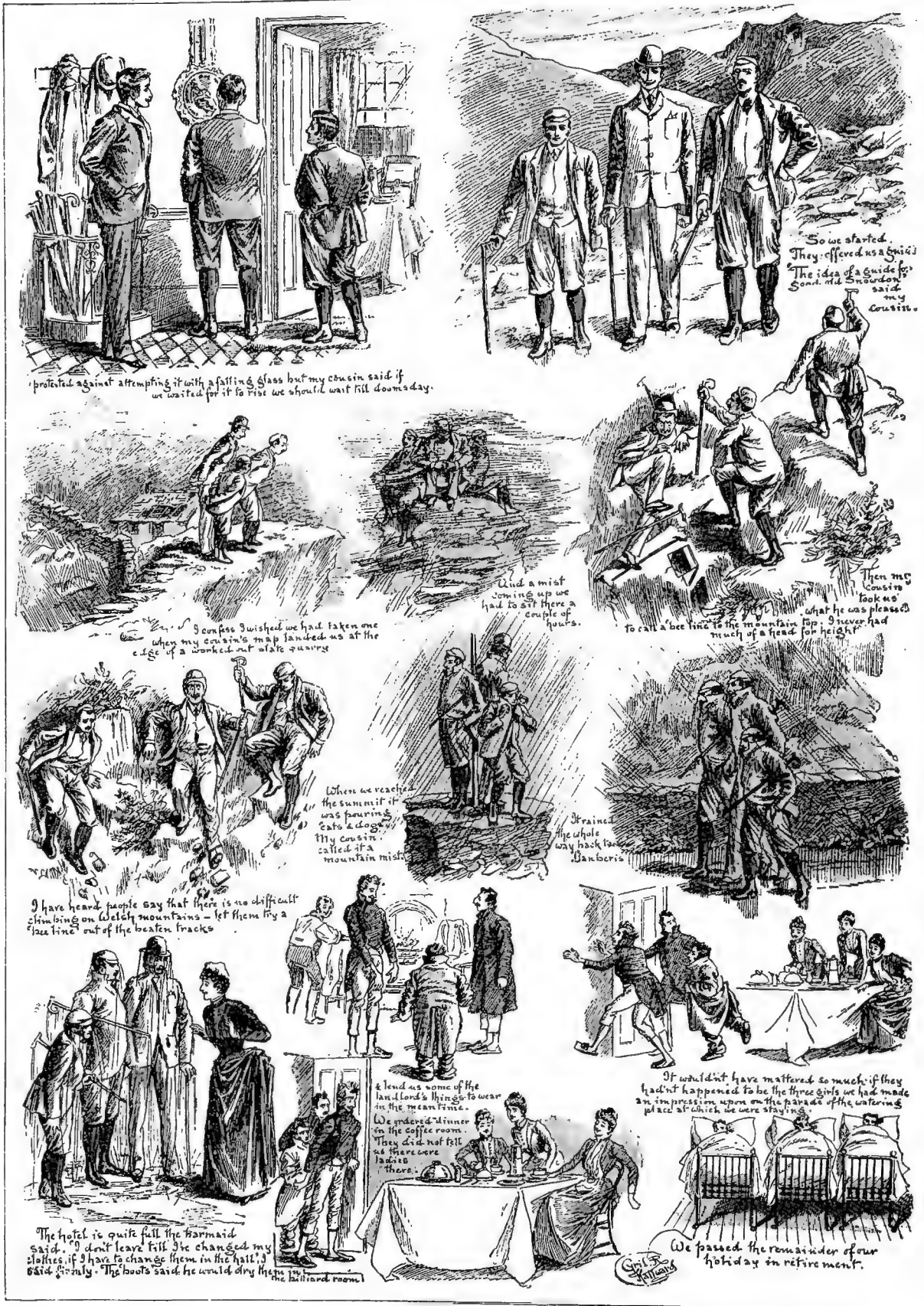
The strength of the mountain cat, considered in relation to its size, is enormous, and its agility in climbing, and dodging his pursuers, despite the fact that he is not a fast animal, is remarkable. His habits are nocturnal, and, with all the "stalking" qualities of his domestic brother in a much more pronounced degree the damage he sometimes commits on a well-stocked

shooting is prodigious. It was this partiality of his for grouse, heath, &c., that caused the gamekeepers—those noted haters of "venom" of all kinds—to take up arms against him, and practically drive the whole species out of the country—out of England, at least; and it will not be long, considering the rate at which the process of extermination is going on, before the mountain cat is as scarce elsewhere as the mammoth or the *dinosaurius*—

animals  
That lived before the flood.

High game are, however, his luxuries: his ordinary meal consists of small rodents; though, when hard pressed, he will eat anything, and has been known to drop on to the shoulders of a well-fed lamb or a young deer, and cling there, tearing at the animal's neck till it falls from exhaustion and loss of blood. It is only when hard pressed, too, that he leaves his lonely lair—he is essentially solitary—and comes down to ravage the farmyard or the home preserves.

The mountain cat in conflicts with men or dogs is never the aggressor, unless, indeed, it be occasionally a female, whose maternal instinct is too great to leave her much discretion. The



AN ASCENT OF SNOWDON

soup is daily tasted by the Governor, who is a young and accomplished man, with apparently but few cares either of evil conscience or responsibility. The prisoners have a bath once a week, in which respect, probably, they compare well with the average British artisan; but they possibly look on this privilege as do our too ubiquitous tramps and casuals at home, as a kind of punishment, a mean and a tyrannical interference with their rights.

As regards the galleys, we were informed that only two convicts have been *sus. per co.* in six years. It is, from intuition, *bien compris*, that justice, in the sense of punishment or the taking of life, is rough and rather ready (life, indeed, not being practically so sacred—perhaps so too sacred—as with us). If the convicts run away, where can they go?—though if all the officers took to building boats on the beach there might be a forlorn chance for them. Inland there are bears, and some fine bearskins were among the presents to the ship (how, indeed, some of our officers' mouths watered at the promise, if they came in October, of a *chasse à l'ours*!); but without firearms the bear would be more likely to eat the convict, bony and unsavoury as he might be, than he the bear. There are colonies of time-expired convicts which seem to be



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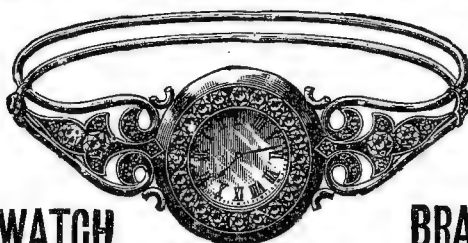
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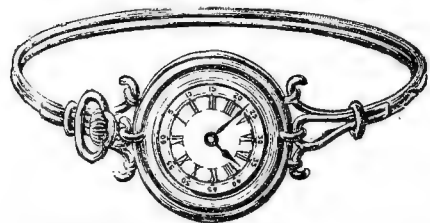
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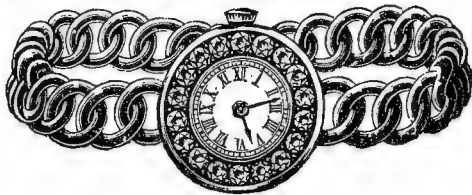
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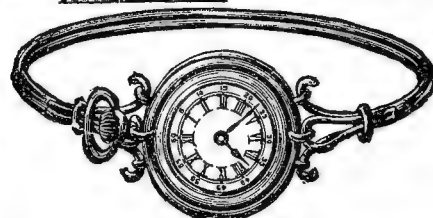


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## THE GRAPHIC

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The subject of Mr. Charles Green's second drawing realises the Queen and her favourite leaving the Court by the Water-Gate. The Royal journeys between Hampton and the Palaces of Oatlands, Richmond, Whitehall, and Greenwich were generally performed by the broad highway of "silvery Thames." The Queen's barge, kept at the foot of the Water-Tower, was an ornate affair, picturesquely decorated, and hung with garlands of flowers; therein Elizabeth and her favoured attendants took the air, reposing, we are told, under a canopy of green sarcenet, embroidered with branches of eglantine, and powdered with golden daisies. JOSEPH GREGO

(To be continued)



LET not the experienced reader who has had more than enough of the stale and dismal reiterations of fiction dealing with Ireland be deterred by its title from reading "The Nugents of Carriconna: A Story More or Less Irish," by Tighe Hopkins (3 vols.: Ward and Downey). We must admit that, having quite enough of Irish affairs in the daily papers not to hunger for their *réchauffé* in the form of unnecessary fiction, it required an especial effort to get further than the title-page; and seldom have expectations been so agreeably disappointed. It is true that there are a case of boy-cotting, an attempt to murder a police inspector, a riot, and a magisterial trial, and Mr. Hopkins has been unable to refrain from just one perfunctory exhibition of Ireland in the character in which her own children are never ashamed of depicting her—that of a *nation incomprise*. But these things are perhaps unavoidable, and certainly not obtrusive; and they could well be pardoned under any circumstances for the sake of Dora Lytton—a portrait of which any novelist might be proud. We will not attempt to describe her; she must be known, as we are made to know her, in order that she may be understood. But we wish to say that she is well worth the knowing, and we trust that nobody will miss the touch of genius (a word which we never use lightly, or without a full sense of responsibility) in that scene where that most fascinatingly original of young widows does not forget to drink her tea while it is still fresh and

warm under circumstances when any orthodox heroine would have been superior to any such weakness, and then instinctively conceals the inappropriate deed. Her two sides, that of the born adventuress and the woman infinitely strong and wise where she loves, all fact and calculation for herself and all impulse for others, the side which is clever and small and the side which is simple and large, which dovetail into one another in a really extraordinary manner. Nearly equal in merit is Anthony Nugent, the representative of an eccentric race, whom sudden wealth sends off his head till he settles down into a miser with a purpose; he is the centre of the humour, which—strange to say of "a story more or less Irish"—is a characteristic feature of the novel. The history of his astronomical ambition, including the diversion of his great telescope from the study of Jupiter to the detection of turf-stealers, revives a form of comedy of which the secret has long seemed forgotten. For the rest, there is not an inadequate character throughout the novel, and from Trenchard, the slave of laudanum, to the least prominent, and none is introduced without cause. We only fear that the fineness of the work, and its freedom from every sort of exaggeration, may stand in its way. For that reason we desire to draw particular attention to a novel of which we think so highly.

"The Failure of Elizabeth," by E. Frances Poynter (3 vols.: Bentley and Sons), is much too painfully interesting to be recommended to anybody who goes to a novel for pleasure. Elizabeth's "Failure" is the inability of a bright and amiable girl, with high ideas of life and a tendency to hero-worship, to adapt herself to a husband with whom she might otherwise have been sufficiently happy. The man whom she was eager to worship, and whom her worship and trust ought to have ennobled, proves to be of exceedingly inferior clay, incapable of being moulded to any but sordid uses even by the power of the affection which he inspired against the rules of romance, but only too much in accordance with the laws of reality. The leading incidents in the novel are those little things which so infinitely more than great things cause happiness or misery—in this case, nothing but misery. The character of the husband is admirably depicted; and his meanness and narrowness do not deprive him of all sympathy, because they are adequately accounted for. The matrimonial failure, however, is by no means without relief. The authoress has observed the manners and customs of that happy hunting ground for the humourist, the Anglo-Continental *pension*, and has turned it to good account; and she has been kind enough to free her heroine from her failure while her spirit and her capacities for happiness are still unbroken. We have described the story as painful; but the authoress has, by a wise instinct, refrained from imposing a fully tragic rôle upon everyday characters. Her realism—in the best sense—is her most signal quality.

There is just now a run among novelists, especially lady novelists, upon the subject of hypnotism, especially in its connection with crime. Is it possibly because it is the subject which beyond almost every other is unfitted for imaginative treatment, if only because of its necessarily unhealthy suggestions? Stories like Florence Marryat's "Blindfold" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), appeal directly to the feeble-minded class of readers, among whom alone they are likely to have any mischievous effect; but the class is quite numerous enough for the amount of mischief to be considerable. "Blindfold" is quite clever enough to impress such readers in the wrong way—that is to say, by exciting their fancies instead of fortifying them against their own credulity. The

phenomena dealt with by Florence Marryat should be shared between serious science and humorous fiction—unless it were to fall into the hands of the genius which is a law to itself: a case which has certainly not yet occurred. We have said that "Blindfold" is clever; indeed, it is decidedly more interesting, as a story, than its predecessors from the same pen during a good many years. The worst of the subject is, however, that it is one on which it is easy to be clever, and therefore more or less impressive. "Blindfold" ought to be welcomed by a great many foolish people, inasmuch as it will help to confirm them in their folly.

Mr. James Greenwood's "Prince Dick of Dahomey; or, Adventures in the Great Dark Land" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), conveys an impression of unreality. It is obviously intended for boys; but it out-does the ordinary exaggeration of colour which most writers think necessary to whet the youthful appetite. We fancy that even the most omnivorous connoisseurs of African horrors will feel that there is something incongruous about Mr. Greenwood's description. Of course the "Great Custom" is made a feature; but that can scarcely be called new.

Apparent unreality is also the note of Mr. Joseph Hatton's "By Order of the Czar; the Tragic Story of Anna Klossstock, Queen of the Ghetto" (3 vols.: Hutchinson and Co.). The characters are so melodramatic that one might almost suspect Mr. Hatton of wishing to evaporate the persecution of the Jews in Russia into a state of theatrical legend. Of course nothing is farther from his purpose; but he is certainly unfortunate in his method. Nobody seems to be alive—one feels at the close as if all the *dramatis personæ* would promptly throw off their stage dresses, wash their faces, and sit down comfortably to supper. The horrors are piled up so profusely, and with such obvious view to points, that they have little more effect than the conventionalities of picturesque reporting. From the theatrical point of view, however, it cannot be denied that "By Order of the Czar" is moderately amusing, and is by no means unadaptable to the actual stage; and it is only right to add that Mr. Hatton, according to his "Author's Note," prepared himself for his task with a tremendous amount of preliminary reading, including the study of such distinguished authorities as the late Hugh Conway's "Called Back," and "Elizabeth; or the Exiles of Siberia."

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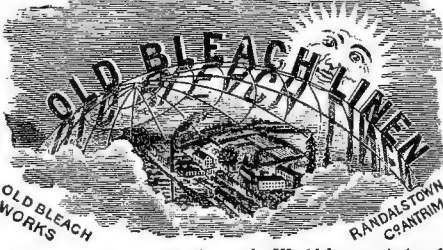
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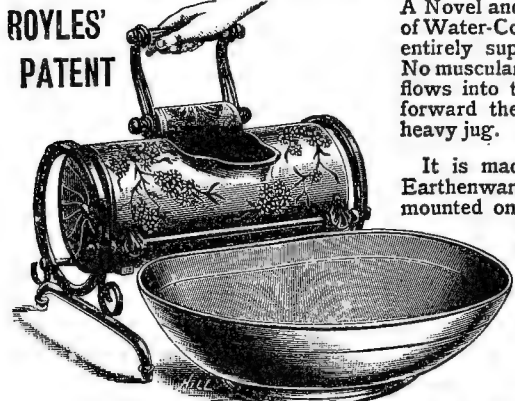
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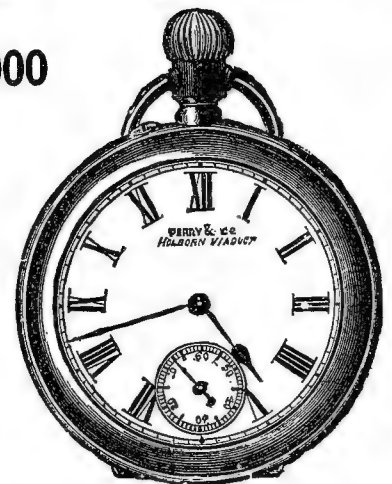
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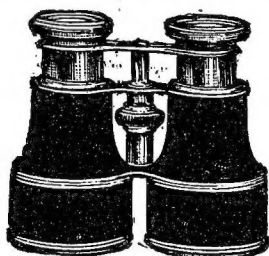
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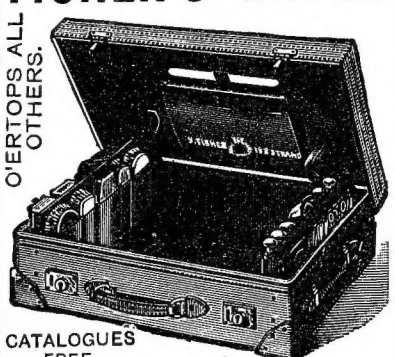
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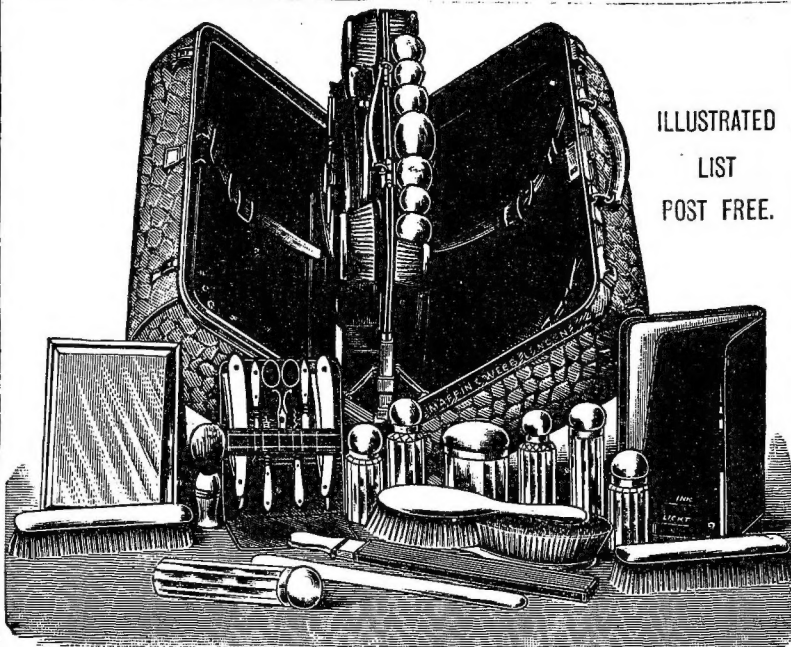
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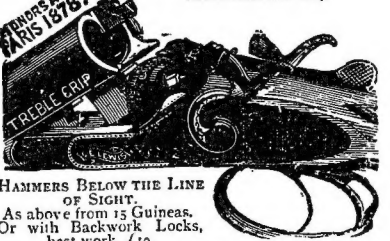


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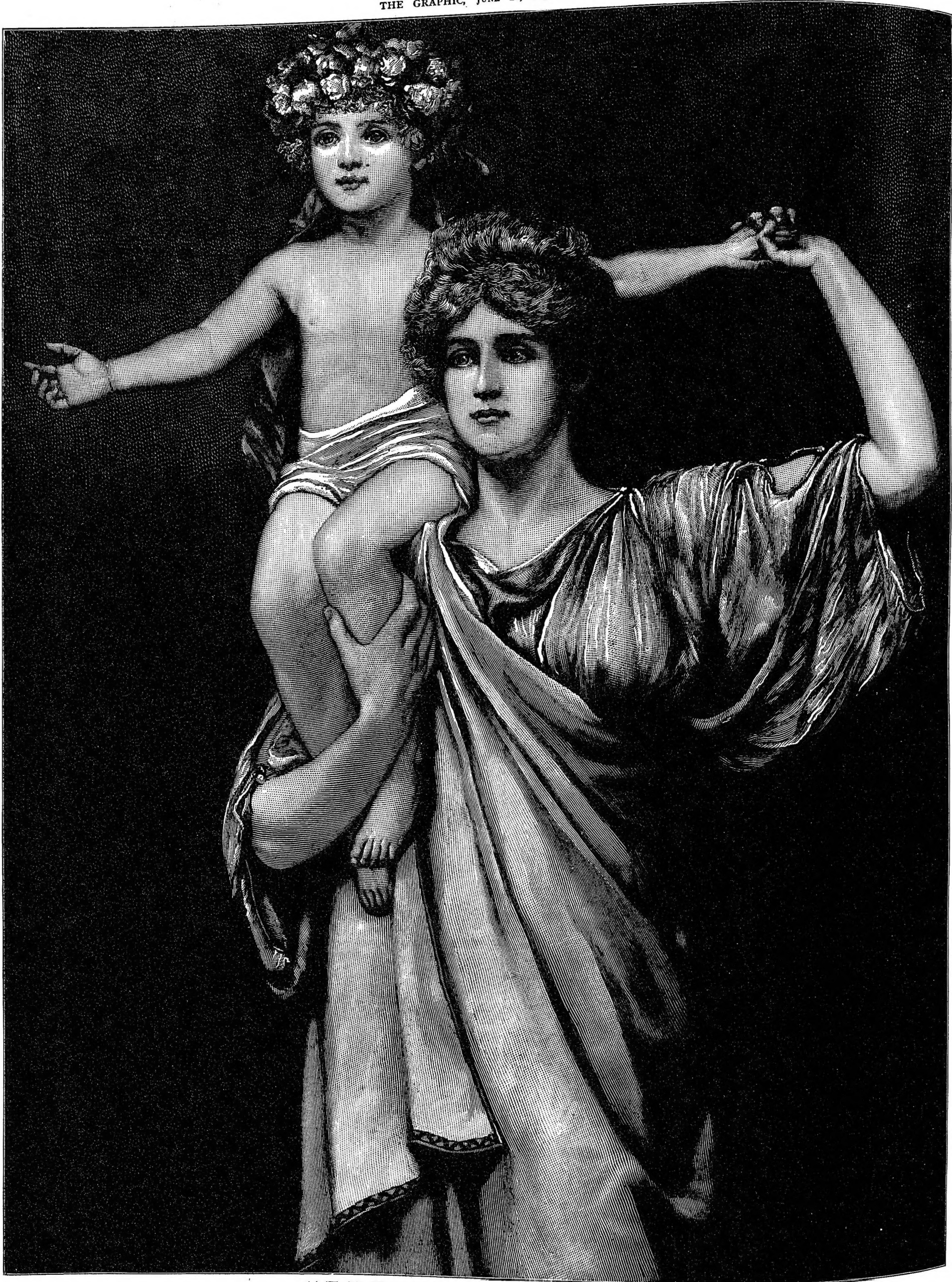






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